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Steel Famine Ahead

In October the Treasury expenditure on the defense program had risen only to \$280,000,000. This is at the rate of \$3,360,000,000 a year, as against more than \$16,000,000,000 appropriated in the summer. Yet, in October, the steel industry was operating at 95 percent of capacity. We recommend putting these two facts together and looking at them hard. What will happen when the defense program gets going full speed ahead? Is there enough steel-producing capacity in the country to make all the required battleships, tanks and guns, fill civilian orders and at the same time to save Britain? Obviously there isn't. Yet steel makers are not using what excess capacity and labor still remain to enlarge their plants. They are coasting along on the blissful optimism of large profits and certainty of future demand greatly in excess of supply.

There are two clear necessities for immediate action. First, new plant construction must be rushed. Second, priorities must be applied pending the creation of sufficient capacity, in order to supply Britain and arm ourselves. If the editors of this paper have to go without new automobiles to avoid conquest by Hitler, they will cheerfully do so. But not just in order to increase steel profits.

A Week of the War

In many ways, the week ending November 19 had more good news for the British and their friends than any other of the war. There seems no doubt that the Italian fleet received a ruinous blow in the British

naval air attack at Taranto. Three battleships, two cruisers and two supply ships were so badly damaged that they cannot return to action for many months, if ever. Two Italian convoys were also attacked with heavy losses. The Greeks have astounded the entire world by hurling back the Italian invaders. The "Free French" forces under General deGaulle have taken two cities in the French West African colony of Gabon and now control the entire region. The British Air Force has done heavy damage in repeated night raids on German territory and especially Hamburg. Because of the destruction of much of the Italian fleet, the whole position in the Eastern Mediterranean changes at once. The pressure on Egypt and Suez is lightened. The British from their new base on Crete can safeguard Palestine, Iran and Iraq more effectively than before.

This is of course only one side of the ledger. Submarine sinkings of British ships are still at a disturbingly high rate, although the first German claim to have destroyed an entire convoy in the North Atlantic turns out to be false, more than thirty of the thirty-eight ships having already safely reached port. The city of Coventry, now an important center of armament production, has been almost destroyed by the Germans. While the Greeks have beaten the Italians, their future is precarious, since Hitler could destroy them almost at will if he chose. The Japanese are moving their troops as though they intended to attack Singapore and the Dutch East Indies. There seems danger that Hitler will force Spain into the war, or march his troops across to attack Gibraltar. Great

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Britain's future—and with it, the future of the whole democratic world—still hangs in the balance.

What Happened in Berlin

We have had no news about the much heralded conference between Premier Molotov and the Hitler government except the blanket assurance of the Germans that all outstanding differences had been settled. This was followed by grandiose unofficial hints from the usual anonymous "authoritative" sources that the world had been divided into great spheres of influence, Hitler and Mussolini taking Europe and Africa between them, the USSR taking western and southern Asia, and Japan taking eastern Asia. The place of Turkey with her Dardanelles was left uncertain, but it was assumed that Hitler was relying on Stalin to bring her into line, so that the conquest of the Balkans and Britain could proceed.

Meanwhile there has not been a word from Moscow. Until some announcement does come, or until Germany smashes into Bulgaria and Turkey, we are justified in assuming that Molotov merely listened politely to whatever terms Hitler had to offer, possibly expressing pleasure at them, and went home to consult the big boss. The Soviet Union might occupy the whole winter telling Hitler that pressure was being exerted on Turkey to be compliant, but before Turkey consents, the whole aspect of the war may have changed materially.

No Loan to Franco

Great Britain is following a curious policy toward Spain. That country is suffering desperate poverty, including an acute shortage of food. The British, in order to keep Franco from going to war on the side of the Axis, are permitting a limited amount of food to come in by sea each week, through the blockade. Franco knows that if he goes to war, this supply will stop.

Whether this is a wise policy no one can say with confidence. A similar effort at appeasement was tried by both Britain and the United States regarding Italy and utterly failed. The Americans sold Italy large quantities of supplies of all kinds and Mussolini waited merely until he had accumulated ample stocks—of gasoline, for example—and then declared war. German troops are now on the Spanish frontier. If they chose to march on Gibraltar, Franco could not oppose them even should he want to—and there is no evidence that he does. If Hitler thought it worthwhile, he could probably send to Spain, even from a ravaged and exhausted Europe, food to take the place of the present British supplies.

In Washington there are repeated efforts to persuade this country to make a huge loan to Franco—perhaps a hundred million dollars—to be supplied in the form of American wheat. This plan seems to have

found favor among those State Department officials who have always mysteriously aided Franco and did so much to ensure the death of Republican Spain. We hope the President and Congress will not listen to them. If the British want to put Franco on the dole to keep him out of war, that is their business; but for America to go over to the side of the Axis with a vast loan to build up Fascist Spain would be a mistake that would go reverberating down the years.

Mr. Kennedy Views with Alarm

The Boston Globe published an extraordinary interview with Ambassador Kennedy in its issue of November 9. It quoted the Ambassador as saying that democracy in Great Britain is "finished" and that it will be succeeded by "national socialism." He seemed to deplore the presence of labor in the British Cabinet, though telling the Americans that such a labor spokesman as Harold Laski is much overrated in America and that neither he nor H. G. Wells carries any weight in Britain. Mr. Kennedy has insisted that this interview was given in confidence, and that there are numerous inaccuracies in it. We doubt very much, however, that he would repudiate the passage about democracy, because it fits too well with other expressions of views by him and by American business men like him. When he says "democracy" he means old-fashioned, laissez-faire, unrestricted private capitalism. When he says "national socialism" he doesn't mean anything like what Hitler has produced in Germany, but the objectives of the New Deal, carried a little further than has been done in America. His attitude is that of the business men everywhere who still regard "socialism" as a more dangerous threat than fascism. It is the attitude which has caused and still causes most of the talk of appeasement.

Letters from Vichy

The restrictions on private correspondence between the Nazi and Vichy zones in France are generally known to the United States. But there is news in a clipping of September 24 from the *Züricher Zeitung*, saying the restrictions also apply to business letters of every kind. According to the Swiss paper, there is only one way for a Vichy business man to get in touch with trade associates in the occupied zone. He sends his letter to the Vichy Production and Labor Ministry with the request that it be forwarded. The ministry is allowed to communicate with the occupied zone—that is to say, it is allowed to make telephone calls and send 100 letters a day across the "border." As a result, business men have been informed that only the most vital letters can be squeezed into the border pouch.

The significance of this virtual ban can be realized when one considers that Vichy firms have not only customers in the other zone, but also branches of their own establishments. The reason for the ban is not obvious—

it may be simply a precaution of overworked German censors. Or it may be part of a deliberate drive to limit the scope of Vichy's industries; part of the plan for an agricultural France, of which we have heard so much. Certainly the Nazi business man will not miss his opportunity. Apart from the French population, a huge German army is encamped in occupied France: why should its money pass into the hands of French tradesmen when Nazi industry can take it back home?

The Lorraine Expulsion

Further evidence of the tightening of the Nazi screw on French industrial regions came in the expulsion order served on French residents in Lorraine by the German authorities. A Vichy communiqué announced that these Frenchmen were told to "choose between their transfer to Poland or their departure for unoccupied France. Our compatriots decided for France." Since November 11, expulsion has proceeded at the rate of five to seven trainloads a day. A maximum of 800,000 Frenchmen may be affected under the order.

The Pétain government seems to have reacted with unusual indignation. It has strongly denied the German insinuation that expulsion was agreed to by the French government, and has protested accordingly to the German armistice commission. Whether it can do more, is doubtful. But on the day the Vichy communiqué appeared, a Swiss dispatch announced the departure of the French fleet from Toulon. Its destination was not announced, but French colonial harbors are about the only "destination" available, and loyalty of the French colonies the only strong card that Vichy has to hold in reserve against increased pressure of German demands.

What Shall the Draftee Learn?

What will the drafted men learn while they are in the army? Nothing but military tactics, says Colonel William H. Draper Jr. of the General Staff. Colonel Draper tells us the United States does not intend to repeat the mistake made by France during the first few months of the war. French soldiers sat behind the Maginot Line studying correspondence courses in various subjects while the German troops were being hardened by thirty-mile marches carrying full equipment. The Colonel believes that a year is none too long a time to train a soldier in the intricate techniques of modern war. Obviously speaking for the army, he suggests that after working hard all day, most of the time in the open air, the draftee will be too tired and sleepy to engage in vocational pursuits after supper.

It is self-evident that the function of army training is to prepare men for national defense and that nothing else should be allowed to stand in its way. At the same time, we hope that the last word on this subject has not been spoken. Military science has been revolutionized in the last few years and especially in the last

few months. Some fairly impressive experts hold the view that the old-fashioned infantryman, trained in drill and the use of the rifle, is not much more fitted for fighting today than a civilian would be. One of the jobs this country must do is to make sure that our army men keep up with the times; in the past, they have an almost unbroken record of failing to do this except under violent civilian pressure. It may yet prove that the disposition of the soldier's time that Colonel Draper envisages is somewhat out of date.

Mr. Lewis Wrong and Right

Mr. John L. Lewis' report to the CIO is a curious mixture of the Communist-isolationist political line and concern for the interests of labor. He is opposed to the defense program and charges the President with a drift toward war. That means that he does not see the necessity of aiding Britain or preparing to stand up against Hitler. At the same time he points out unquestioned truths—that there is a danger of war-profiteering, of reduction of labor standards, of inflation. His five-point program is, in general, excellent on domestic issues. He says that: 1. The proportion of all income that goes to wages must increase. 2. The cost of living must be protected by the maintenance of a stable and reasonable price structure. 3. Profits must be kept at a reasonable and just level. 4. The national tax structure needs a vigorous reversal in its now seriously retrogressive character. 5. A further expansion in purchasing power must be made available to beneficiaries under the social-security program and to the unemployed.

Mr. Lewis is wrong if he thinks that labor can make these or any other gains if Hitler wins the war. He would be better advised to see that this is primarily labor's war and take the lead in achieving the economic and social changes necessary to win it. He is doing neither labor nor the country any service by perpetuating splits in the unions and in progressive ranks. At the same time, the government ought to realize that the existence and growth of grievances such as Mr. Lewis mentions can only weaken its labor supporters and strengthen the bitter-ender factionalists whom Mr. Lewis leads.

Millis to the NLRB

Dr. H. A. Millis is on the whole a good man to direct the National Labor Relations Board. This sixty-seven-year-old professor of Economics at the University of Chicago is a famous conciliator in labor cases; first trained in this work as impartial chairman in the clothing industry, he has done a good job working between the General Motors Corporation and the United Automobile Workers; he was on the NRA Labor Board in 1934-35. It is true that his experience has been in negotiating agreements in disputes, rather than in enforcing the law about collective bargaining; but this is no disadvantage, and for two reasons. First:

90 percent of all NLRB cases are in fact settled by a process that amounts to conciliation; and second, at a time when production of defense materials must not be seriously interrupted under any circumstances, Dr. Millis' type of mind is an extremely useful one.

Literary Note

Before the war, *International Literature*, a Moscow periodical printed in four languages and devoted to revolutionary writing in all countries, used to fill its regular column on Germany with reviews of books by German refugee authors, stressing their superiority over the books published under Hitler's rule. Since the signature of the Stalin-Hitler pact, this column has become much shorter, and its contents are different. We read in the June issue that Gogol's classical comedy "The Inspector General" was staged by the Hamburg Drama Theatre and that the German press commented favorably on the new production. This compliment to the good taste of Nazi critics is gracefully returned by German literary periodicals, which praise translations of Soviet novelists as works worthy of their great ancestors in expressing the eternal depths of the Russian soul.

Krylov, the great Russian fabulist, wrote of the Cuckoo, who congratulates the Cock on his great gifts as a singer, while the Cock in turn congratulates the Cuckoo. But the Swallow, passing by, interrupts them: "My friends, even if you get hoarse praising one another, all your music's bad."

The Communist Subterfuge

Congress not long ago passed a measure commonly called the Voorhis law, providing that American organizations with foreign connections must report to the government. These reports include the names and addresses of all members, a full accounting of money received and spent, and the filing of all documents circulated. The American Communist Party has in the past been a member of the Communist International and would therefore come under the terms of the law. Openly admitting that the purpose is to evade this legal complication, a special convention of the party has broken the link with the International.

This action is of course only technical. It implies no change whatever in the actual facts about the party, which will continue to follow the Communist International line and to shift with it, no matter how violent are the acrobatics required. The line will continue to be primarily what Stalin and his friends think is to the interest of Soviet Russia, including a "neutrality" in the present war that leans toward Germany a great deal in promises and a little bit in performances. It remains to be seen what sort of role in American society can be played by a party which is so far from thinking about advancing the genuine interests of the American working masses.

News Notes of a Week

There were growing rumors of increased German pressure to arrange a Russo-Japanese rapprochement, following a peace in China. . . . No comment came from the British admiralty on the report that five new 35,000-ton battleships had joined the British fleet. . . . The bulk of the British convoy, attacked by a German raider in the Atlantic last week, was reported to have reached safe harbor. . . . The armed merchantman *Jervis Bay* made naval history by her attack on the raider which permitted the convoy to escape. . . . A special air-arm, to work with the British army, was announced as being planned in London. . . . General Gamelin, Léon Blum and Edouard Daladier were moved under arrest to the neighborhood of Riom. An early trial by the Riom Supreme Court was expected.

Explosions in three New Jersey and Pennsylvania plants killed fourteen and injured twenty-three. The American Cyanamid and Chemical Corporation suffered three unexplained explosions in one week. . . . Representative Dies announced he would issue a "White Book" showing the sniping of Axis agents here and their obstruction of aid to Britain. . . . Eight divinity students who refused to register for the draft, received sentences of a year and a day. . . . Alfred P. Sloan Jr., chairman of General Motors, called for a six-day week in American industry. He found a shorter week inadequate for the speed-up of national defense.

What the War Means

PROGRESSIVES whose minds were shocked into chaos by the war are beginning again to find a comprehensible pattern in the world; they are beginning to understand what they must do and to gather their forces for action.

Before the hostilities came, they were of course bitterly opposed to Nazism and fascism. This attitude they combined with an enduring distrust of the reactionary forces in the great democracies—Britain, France and the United States—and a hatred of international war. They had resolved never again to be deceived by an armed struggle conducted under the cover of idealistic slogans, but really dominated by forces from the past.

While the war was impending and when it broke, these two attitudes met in head-on collision. Progressives wanted to crush Hitlerism, but they were reluctant to espouse the cause of the Chamberlains, Daladiers, Hoares and Halifaxes, or to think that their aim could be accomplished by a military victory. Some retreated from this conflict into a superficial acceptance of the new slogans of war for democracy and an indiscriminating partisanship. Others withdrew into traditional isolationism. There seemed nothing to do but

to choose between evils. But it is becoming more apparent every day that the world really is all of one piece, and that the present cataclysm offers an unprecedented creative opportunity, not merely a melancholy obligation.

Among the thinkers who are enabling us to retrace the threads and weave them into a comprehensible pattern, none is more incisive and cogent than Harold Laski, whose new "Where Do We Go from Here?"¹ is a challenge not merely to the British but to Americans. His material is all familiar, and was probably in the minds of most New Republic readers before September, 1939. But he sees the present as clearly as the past, and puts it all together into a stirring suggestion of program for the future.

Mr. Laski begins by reminding us of the forces that produced and nourished fascism—forces existing not only in Italy and Germany, but also in Britain, France and the United States. Capitalist democracy was a compromise produced in the great revolutions of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, in which the business and financial elements had to grant political power to the masses in order to win their fight against feudalism. But it retained a latent conflict between the power of the people to use political instruments in their own behalf and the power of property interests to enhance their wealth. As long as the economy was expanding, this conflict could be adjusted without too much difficulty, but when it entered on a long phase of contraction, the struggle became embittered. This was the case between 1919 and 1939, and all the signs of a decadent and potentially revolutionary society were present.

Mr. Laski finds the clew, both to the rise of Hitlerism in Germany and to the feeble resistance offered to its aggressions by the democratic governments, in the fear of revolution on the part of the propertied classes. The treatment of Germany after the peace of Versailles he traces to two forces—the conflicting imperialisms which were thought necessary to sustain a declining capitalism, and the clinging to a national sovereignty which, though it made world order impossible, was essential to continuance of the dominant position of the ruling classes in each nation.

The fascist dictators, with the mentality of outlaws who had nothing to gain from acceptance of the existing order, exploited all the discontents of those who suffered from capitalist decline on the one hand, and all the fears of those whose position was threatened by revolutionary forces on the other. They used the aid of the reactionaries to install themselves in power, because they promised to suppress the forces of economic revolt. But of course, like American gangsters, they eventually turned on those to whom they promised

protection, in the interest of enlarging their own power.

They betrayed Thyssen no less than they betrayed Chamberlain and Daladier. It had been fear of communism that had first enlisted Thyssen's aid, just as it was fear of communism that had led the western powers to betray to Hitler and Mussolini Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Spain. It was distrust of the reactionary interests in the great democracies that led to the abandonment of collective security, the loss of Soviet support and the decision of the small nations to rely on a hopeless neutrality. And it was the qualities giving rise to this distrust that produced the unpreparedness of Britain, the conquest of France and the disasters of the first year of war.

The conclusion from all this is so obvious, once the facts are marshaled, that Mr. Laski hardly needs to draw it. The essential condition, both of victory over Hitler and of establishing any permanent fruits of that victory, is fulfilment of the revolution inherent in democracy. The dynamic of the masses is required to retrieve the costly mistakes of the appeasers, to push the war to a victorious conclusion and to make the kind of peace that can yield a genuine world order. Hitler's synthetic revolution can be overthrown only by a genuine one. The people of Britain must know that the British government is theirs if they are to fight on with the *élan* necessary to victory. The people of Europe—including Germany and Italy—must be assured by Britain's example of the fulfilment of their aspirations if, when the time is ripe, they are to revolt against their oppressors. The kind of world that the democracies make for themselves while the war is being fought will be decisive both for its outcome and for the order that will succeed it.

Mr. Laski of course does not want Hitler's opponents to be split and weakened by internal strife. His book is directed as much to the possessors of privilege as it is toward labor. He knows that labor must make sacrifices if victory is to be achieved. He knows that a Hitler conquest would be far worse in its consequences to democracy than any disadvantages which the workers now suffer. But he pleads with the privileged classes to take action now, while the war is on, symbolic of their willingness, not merely to grant concessions, but to countenance fundamental changes in the old order such that it will be capable of mustering its full strength and eventually utilizing science to create an international economy of plenty.

The Churchill government has already taken steps in this direction—such as doubling old-age pensions, increasing the pay of agricultural labor and passing laws subjecting not only persons but property to the service of the state. But it should go on to repeal the amendment to the trade-union laws which followed the general strike, to plan for replacing with good housing the slums which Britain waited for Hitler to

¹ Where Do We Go from Here? A Proclamation of British Democracy, by Harold Laski. New York: The Viking Press. 192 pages. \$1.75.

destroy, to nationalize essential industries, and in the foreign field to satisfy Indian nationalism and make an unmistakable declaration of war aims that may produce a genuine international order, composed of free and equal partners.

It will take time to develop a full program; Mr. Laski's book, short and incisive as it is, hardly makes a beginning. It should be read as a whole, for compression must fail to do justice to it. But it sets a clear line for future progress. And this line is as pertinent for us in the United States as it is for his immediate audience.

Beyond helping the British to hold off Hitler, which is the primary essential, we must also assist British democrats to create the conditions for defeating Hitlerism and winning the peace as well as the war. For us, too, the means are the same in both cases. Our economy must be conducted in such a way that American labor will see that this is its war and will take a full part in it. With the Roosevelt administration in power, we are in a favorable position to fulfill our own democracy, but this end cannot be achieved unless the great majority of his supporters understand what the struggle is really for. We need to curb the power of private privilege to obstruct our own defense effort. We must expand our own production in every necessary direction, and exercise our power abroad for truly democratic aims. This is an endeavor with which every detail of current words and deeds is inextricably related.

Nailing a Campaign Lie

ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING INCIDENTS in the last days of the political campaign was the supposed assault by Stephen Early, a presidential secretary, on a Negro policeman in New York City. The public was given to understand that when this policeman tried to keep Early and others from boarding the presidential train in the Pennsylvania Station, Early lost his temper and thrust his knee into the policeman's abdomen so violently that the man was injured and had to go to bed and stay there for a considerable time. This was the story told to the people of the United States toward the end of a presidential campaign of great bitterness. No doubt it did Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy some harm among Negroes and others. We now learn, long after the campaign is over, that the whole story was false, and that every newspaperman in the vicinity—perhaps as many as thirty—knew all the time that it was false. The facts are as follows:

The New York City police acted with inexcusable stupidity in refusing to let the Washington correspondents return to the presidential train in spite of the fact that they carried press cards and special secret-service passes. Early, standing nearby, saw that the

newspapermen were being turned back, and came over and attempted to help them. The police refused even to look at the credentials of Early or anybody else. They shoved him backwards so violently that he would have fallen had he not been caught by Thomas F. Reynolds, United Press correspondent and president of the White House Correspondents' Association. As he fell backward, his leg was flung into the air and struck the Negro policeman who had pushed him. This man had recently undergone an abdominal operation, and his wound was injured afresh. The hurt could not have been very serious, however, since he proceeded to run up a flight of stairs after Early, two at a time. Any doctor will testify that a man who gets a violent blow in the groin will double up and collapse on the floor.

This version of the incident is attested by highly reputable Washington correspondents, including Mr. Reynolds, Miss Doris Fleson of The New York Daily News, Mr. John C. Henry of The Washington Evening Star, Mr. Raymond P. Brandt of The St. Louis Post-Dispatch and by correspondents of the Associated Press and the International News Service. It is printed in the issue of Editor and Publisher that appeared on November 16. We should very much like to know the answers to a few points: How does it happen that this version of the affair was given so little publicity before the election? Why did most newspapers go on printing sob stories about the heroic policeman writhing on his bed of pain, when they must have known better? Is it possible that the publishers of the country were negligent about correcting a falsehood against Mr. Early because they hoped the story would help to defeat the presidential candidate whom they opposed? Surely it is time that some responsible spokesman for American journalism cleared up these points.

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Freedom of Speech in Wartime

THE QUESTION uppermost in our minds today is whether the United States will be drawn into the European war. As the Battle of Britain progresses and the news from abroad becomes more and more ominous, the threat becomes more real. If we are drawn in or attacked by a victorious Hitler, must democratic ideals give way to the stern requirements of the battlefield?

What becomes of our constitutional rights in wartime? May we criticize the government, war policies and war administration? May those who desire to, express opposition to war in general, to the particular war, or advocate peace? May they express sympathy with the enemy? In short, is the Bill of Rights suspended by a declaration of war?

The experience of England in the present crisis should serve as an example. England is demonstrating that democracy can defend itself and still uphold its guarantees, that legitimate criticism is a consolidating, not a disintegrating force. Opposition opinion is, on the whole, unrestricted. The Communist Party and press function freely. The British Institute of Public Opinion still samples the public on its attitude on the war, and the conscientious objector is given every opportunity to present his case.

Historically, the Supreme Court holds that Congress is prohibited from restraining freedom of speech in wartime. In the famous Milligan case, during the Civil War, the court said:

The Constitution of the United States is a law for rulers and people, equally in war and in peace, and covers with the shield of its protection all classes of men, at all times, and under all circumstances. No doctrine involving more pernicious consequences was ever invented by wit of man than that any of its provisions can be suspended during any of the great exigencies of government.

Our government theoretically adhered to this principle during the World War. In his report of 1918, Attorney General Gregory declared that his department had "proceeded upon the general principle that the constitutional right of free speech, free assembly and petition exist in wartime as in peacetime, and that the right of discussion of governmental policy and the right of political agitation are most fundamental rights in a democracy." The courts laid down principles, in their leading decisions, which seemed to protect the right of the citizen to free speech. Yet this protection was largely nullified by the hysteria of the times, which led many judges and juries to ignore or misapply it. Nearly 2,000 men and women were jailed for their opinions, with sentences running as high as thirty years.

Attempts to stifle unpopular opinion have always been repugnant to the ideals of American democracy.

No less a person than Woodrow Wilson said that the Sedition Act of 1798 "cut perilously near the root of freedom of the speech and press." Yet in 1917, under Wilson, we suspended more "inalienable rights" than ever before; a suspension lasting long after the Armistice. (Some of the repressive laws of this period remain on the statute books today.) One month after our entrance into the War, President Wilson signed the Espionage Act. It was intended to protect the nation against foreign agents, and although it purposely excluded a press-censorship clause and allowed legitimate criticism and discussion of the War, it made criminal any attempt to "obstruct" the draft by establishing three crimes new in the United States: (1) Making or spreading false statements or reports interfering with military or naval operations or otherwise aiding the enemy; (2) causing or trying to cause insubordination, disloyalty, mutiny or refusal of duty in military or naval forces; (3) obstruction of enlistment or recruiting. Another title made non-mailable any matter violating the Act or advocating treason, insurrection or forcible resistance to any law of the United States.

Against organized disloyal propaganda this act worked efficiently. But, it did not reach individual or impulsive disloyal utterances, and agitation arose for an amendment to cover these cases. While the amendments to the Espionage Act were being debated in the Senate, it was proposed to incorporate a "safety valve" provision under which anti-war utterances or propaganda would not be punishable if made with good motives and for justifiable ends. But Attorney General Gregory reported that this would "in effect destroy the value of the Espionage Act as a weapon against propaganda," and the provision was dropped.

Congress approved the amended Act, known as the Sedition Act, in May, 1918. For a model the Senate Judiciary Committee had taken the then recently passed Montana Sedition Act, later to be declared unconstitutional. The Montana Act itself was the outgrowth of the failure of judges to find the existing federal act flexible enough to convict those who opposed the War but did nothing to obstruct it. When a federal judge in Montana refused to let a jury pass on remarks made in a small-town saloon, miles from any railroad or military establishment, terming such remarks "kitchen gossip and saloon debate," he was severely criticized by the Attorney General. The Montana Legislature replied by enacting its stringent Espionage Act, a law which virtually did away with free speech in that state.

The Sedition Act of 1918 defined as seditious and punishable all disloyal language and attacks on the government, the army, navy, or the cause of the United States in the War. It was not necessary that these state-

ments should be directed to the soldiers. The fact that they might eventually reach the enlisted men or men about to enlist was generally sufficient for conviction. It was criminal to write a "disloyal" letter or an anti-war article for a newspaper which might reach a training camp, to address anti-war sentiments to an audience which included men of draft age or to express them where they might be heard by ship-builders and munition-makers.

In the celebrated trial of *U. S. v. the Spirit of '76*, it was enough to prove that the movie "The Spirit of '76," which dealt exclusively with the Revolutionary War, showed scenes unflattering to the British army. The producer was convicted of attempting to cause insubordination in the armed forces and was sentenced to prison for ten years. Slurs on the YMCA and the Red Cross were held to violate the Act, as these agencies were construed to be a part of the military and naval forces. Rose Pastor Stokes stated in a letter to the editor of a newspaper, "I am for the people and the government is for the profiteers." For this she was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. Another war opponent was convicted under the Act for certain utterances directed against participation of Canadians in the British army!

Convictions depended largely upon the view of judges and juries, and local prejudices were sometimes the decisive factor. Two Socialists were acquitted on a directed charge in one federal district for distributing an anti-war pamphlet, while others distributing the same leaflet were convicted in another district and sentenced to long prison terms.

Of all those convicted under the Act, few came under the insubordination or draft-obstruction sections. It was difficult to prove actual interference with the recruiting service; it was easier to establish the defendant's general opposition to the merits or conduct of the War. Thus, it became criminal to advocate heavier taxation instead of bond issues, to criticize the Allies, to say that referendum should have preceded war, or to hold that war was contrary to Christ's teachings. D. H. Wallace was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for saying that: "When a soldier went away he was a hero and when he came back flirting with a hand-organ he was a bum." D. T. Blodgett was given the same sentence for circulating a pamphlet urging voters of Iowa not to reelect a congressman who voted for conscription. Twenty-seven South Dakota farmers were convicted for sending a petition to the Governor objecting to the draft quotas for their county and calling the War a capitalists' war.

The transition from the pre-war judicial concept of free speech to that evolved under the stress of war was made in the Supreme Court decision in the Schenck case, in which the defendant was arrested for circulating anti-draft pamphlets to men who had passed exemption boards. The Court held that the immediate prospect

of success was great and therefore liable to restraint: "The question in every case is whether the words used are used in such circumstances and are of such a nature as to create a clear and present danger that they will bring about the substantive evils that Congress has a right to prevent." This was the famous "clear and present danger" test laid down by Mr. Justice Holmes. Eugene Debs's conviction was sustained under this same test. As the War progressed, it became more and more difficult to establish "clear and present danger" in the majority of statements which the Justice Department considered harmful. The rule proved to be of little value against unjust prosecutions. Judges and juries were inflamed by local prejudices and convictions on the flimsiest evidence were easy to obtain, while reversals by appellate courts proved very difficult. Mr. Justice Holmes, who framed the rule, soon found himself dissenting in many cases where it had been applied by the lower courts.

There were three classes of war opponents prosecuted by the Department of Justice. Of these, German agents were fewest; they were, in fact, almost nonexistent. The chief attacks were directed against the IWW and the Non-Partisan League. That the cause of the attacks was not solely anti-war activities, but also their radical economic programs, is obvious from the fact that the Non-Partisan League was attacked with the same vigor as the IWW, although it was aggressive in support of the War and the President's war aims. Next came the Socialist Party and pacifist groups. Other attacks were prompted by random remarks overheard by one of the Attorney General's amateur sleuths, usually self-appointed. Public speeches in opposition to the War were almost certain to bring arrest.

Federal Judge Charles W. Amidon, among the few judges who resisted the hysteria of the times, reported that: "For the first six months after June 15, 1917, I tried war cases before jurymen who were candid, sober, intelligent business men, whom I had known for thirty years, and who under ordinary circumstances would have had the highest respect for my declarations of law, but during that period they looked back into my eyes with the savagery of wild animals, saying by their manner, 'Away with this twiddling, let us get at him.'"

To "get at him" became the cry of the average American. John Lord O'Brian, assistant to the Attorney General in prosecuting Espionage Act cases, reported that: "Besides this fear of spies, another influence which made fair trials under the Espionage Act very difficult was the passion for becoming spies." Not only did the American Protective League—strictly a non-governmental agency—act as auxiliary to the Department of Justice, but many similar organizations were created to suppress "sedition." Membership ran into hundreds of thousands. One such organization carried a full-page

advertisement in newspapers from coast to coast guaranteeing to make every man a spy-hunter on payment of a dollar fee. "No other cause," Mr. O'Brien said, "contributed so much to the oppression of innocent men as the systematic and indiscriminate agitation against what was claimed to be an all-pervasive system of German espionage."

Hysteria was encouraged by "leading" citizens, public officials and the press. The country was advised to mob, whip, shoot and kill all dissenters. An ex-Governor of Maryland offered his services to the Baltimore police to prevent Karl Muck from conducting his orchestra in that city: "I would gladly lead the mob to prevent this insult to my country and my flag." A well known clergyman of New York publicly declared: "I would hang everyone . . . who lifts his voice against America entering the War." An editor of a leading law journal raised the question whether lawyers should render legal aid to members of the IWW.

One of the most dramatic instances was the treatment of the Christian Pacifists in California, who attempted to meet "in open protest against the militaristic interpretation of Christianity." One of the meetings was mobbed by the Home Guards, while men, women and children applauded as the ministers were violently ejected. The leaders, the Rev. Robert Whitaker, the Rev. Floyd Hardin and Harold Story, a Quaker, were arrested and sentenced to six months in prison and fined sums aggregating \$1,200. The judge delivered a eulogy on the divine right of government, reminded the defendants that they were not sufficiently concerned with the "religion of patriotism" and warned them that the community would not tolerate persons who preach antagonism to the President of the United States.

The Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow, a pro-war liberal, was kidnapped and horsewhipped "in the name of the women and children of Belgium." Emmett Osborne of St. Louis was beaten for not standing up when the national anthem was played. Because they would not subscribe to the Red Cross, six farmers in Texas were whipped. Knights of Liberty tarred and feathered Gust Lindin, a Socialist, at Duluth. Elmer White, of Yerington, Nevada, was beaten with an iron cat-o'-nine tails for alleged disloyal remarks. The offices of ex-Senator R. F. Pettigrew were painted yellow by a mob which disapproved of his pacifist activities. George Maynard, a member of the International Bible Students' Association, of Medford, Oregon, had an "iron cross" painted on his chest and was then driven out of town. The Rev. William M. Hicks was tarred and feathered in Elk City, Oklahoma, for promoting the World Peace League. James Holt was tarred and feathered in Muskogee, Oklahoma, for refusing to buy Liberty Bonds. The Rev. W. T. Sims, a Negro, was lynched for opposing the draft. Robert Prager, accused

of pro-Germanism, was lynched at Collinsville, Illinois; the mob leaders were tried and acquitted.

Numerous meetings of the Friends of Irish Freedom, the People's Council, the Non-Partisan League, the International Bible Students' Association and the Socialist Party were violently disrupted by mobs, often including uniformed soldiers and sailors on leave. Mobs composed largely of members of the Naval Reserve broke up meetings of Columbia University students who protested the expulsion of Professors Cattell and Dana for pacifist activity. Socialist rallies were broken up in the large cities time and again. Suppression of Non-Partisan League meetings took place daily in the Middle and Far Western states. So uncontrollable did the mob violence become that President Wilson twice called upon the nation to put a stop to it.

What, finally, did this witch-hunt add up to? The total number of prosecutions during the War involving freedom of speech, press and assemblage is estimated roughly at 4,500 to 5,000. Not one of this number was proved to be a spy or to be acting for a foreign government. All were Americans. The drive for repression continued after the Armistice in an unprecedented campaign of terrorism. Long after the War, men were still afraid to express themselves contrary to what was believed to be the prevailing opinion.

Have we profited by these mistakes? The administration seems to be aware of them, and in setting up the Neutrality Unit for the detection of foreign espionage and the Civil Liberties Unit for the maintenance of the democratic processes, has taken steps which should prevent a recurrence. The issue today is how to protect ourselves against fifth-column machinations and still uphold our civil rights. Investigation and prosecution of spies and saboteurs is essential. But this must be done by trained agents of the Department of Justice, not by self-appointed spy-hunters and vigilante groups, not by setting neighbor against neighbor, arousing intolerance and hysteria. It is difficult to imagine a situation in which real fifth-column elements could flourish to better advantage. When all is confusion, those with a plan will profit, and genuine spies will remain undetected among the thousands of suspects.

LUCILLE B. MILNER

Requiem of the Air

Broken wings in flaming sky,
Twisted steel on lonely field—
Hot smoke drives the dogs away,
Circling crows have wheeled.

Frightened hands in empty lap,
Crumpled note with soldier's seal—
Strangers point at rusting scrap,
Sign the cross—and kneel.

ROBERT ALLISON EVANS

The Quest

The theme of The Quest occurs in fairy tales, legends like The Golden Fleece and The Holy Grail, boys' adventure stories and detective novels. These poems are reflections upon certain features common to them all. The "He" and "They" referred to should be regarded as both objective and subjective.

No. 8 has already appeared in Poetry, but is reprinted here, with the permission of the editors, in order to preserve the continuity of the sequence. — W. H. A.

1. The Door

Out of it steps the future of the poor,
Enigmas, executioners and rules,
Her Majesty in a bad temper or
The red-nosed Fool who makes a fool of fools.

Great persons eye it in the twilight for
A past it might so carelessly let in,
A widow with a missionary grin,
The foaming inundation at a roar.

We pile our all against it when afraid,
And beat upon its panels when we die:
By happening to be open once, it made

Enormous Alice see a wonderland
That waited for her in the sunshine, and,
Simply by being tiny, made her cry.

2. The Preparations

All had been ordered weeks before the start
From the best firms at such work; instruments
To take the measure of all queer events,
And drugs to move the bowels or the heart.

A watch, of course, to watch impatience fly,
Lamps for the dark and shades against the sun;
Foreboding, too, insisted on a gun
And colored beads to soothe a savage eye.

In theory they were sound on Expectation
Had there been situations to be in;
Unluckily they were their situation:

One should not give a poisoner medicine,
A conjuror fine apparatus, nor
A rifle to a melancholic bore.

3. The Crossroads

The friends who met here and embraced are gone,
Each to his own mistake; one flashes on
To fame and ruin in a rowdy lie,
A village torpor holds the other one,
Some local wrong where it takes time to die:
The empty junction glitters in the sun.

So at all quays and crossroads: who can tell,
O places of decision and farewell,
To what dishonor all adventure leads,
What parting gift could give that friend protection,
So orientated, his salvation needs
The Bad Lands and the sinister direction?

All landscapes and all weathers freeze with fear,
But none have ever thought, the legends say,
The time allowed made it impossible;
For even the most pessimistic set
The limit of their errors at a year.
What friends could there be left then to betray,
What joy take longer to atone for? Yet
Who would complete without the extra day
The journey that should take no time at all?

4. The Traveler

No window in his suburb lights that bedroom where
A little fever heard large afternoons at play:
His meadows multiply; that mill, though, is not there
Which went on grinding at the back of love all day.

Nor all his weeping ways through weary wastes have found
The castle where his Greater Hallows are interned;
For broken bridges halt him, and dark thickets round
Some ruin where an evil heritage was burned.

Could he forget a child's ambition to be old
And institutions where it learned to wash and lie,
He'd tell the truth for which he thinks himself too young,

That everywhere on the horizon of his sigh
Is now, as always, only waiting to be told
To be his father's house and speak his mother tongue.

5. The City

In villages from which their childhoods came
Seeking Necessity, they had been taught
Necessity by nature is the same,
No matter how or by whom it be sought.

The city, though, assumed no such belief,
But welcomed each as if he came alone,
The nature of Necessity like grief
Exactly corresponding to his own.

And offered them so many, every one
Found some temptation fit to govern him;
And settled down to master the whole craft

Of being nobody; sat in the sun
During the lunch-hour round the fountain rim;
And watched the country kids arrive and laughed.

6. The First Temptation

Ashamed to be the darling of his grief
He joined a gang of rowdy stories where
His gift for magic quickly made him chief
Of all these boyish powers of the air;

Who turned his hungers into Roman food,
The town's asymmetry into a park;
All hours took taxis; any solitude
Became his flattered duchess in the dark.

But if he wished for anything less grand,
The nights came padding after him like wild
Beasts that meant harm, and all the doors cried Thief;

And when Truth met him and put out her hand,
He clung in panic to his tall belief
And shrank away like an ill treated child.

7. The Second Temptation

The library annoyed him with its look
Of calm belief in being really there;
He threw away a rival's silly book,
And clattered panting up the spiral stair.

Swaying upon the parapet he cried:
"O Uncreated Nothing, set me free,
Now let Thy perfect be identified,
Unending passion of the Night, with Thee."

And his long suffering flesh, that all the time
Had felt the simple cravings of the stone
And hoped to be rewarded for her climb,

Took it to be a promise when he spoke
That now at last she would be left alone,
And plunged into the college quad, and broke.

8. The Third Temptation

He watched with all his organs of concern
How princes walk, what wives and children say;
Reopened old graves in his heart to learn
What laws the dead had died to disobey.

And came reluctantly to his conclusion:
"All the arm-chair philosophers are false;
To love another adds to the confusion;
The song of pity is the Devil's Waltz."

And bowed to fate and was successful so
That soon he was the king of all the creatures:
Yet, shaking in an autumn nightmare, saw,

Approaching down a ruined corridor,
A figure with his own distorted features
That wept, and grew enormous, and cried Woe.

9. The Tower

This is an architecture for the odd;
Thus heaven was attacked by the afraid,

So once, unconsciously, a virgin made
Her maidenhead conspicuous to a god.

Here on dark nights while worlds of triumph sleep
Lost Love in abstract speculation burns,
And exiled Will to politics returns
In epic verse that lets its traitors weep.

Yet many come to wish their tower a well;
For those who dread to drown of thirst may die,
Those who see all become invisible:

Here great magicians caught in their own spell
Long for a natural climate as they sigh
"Beware of Magic" to the passer-by.

10. The Presumptuous

They noticed that virginity was needed
To trap the unicorn in every case,
But not that, of those virgins who succeeded,
A high percentage had an ugly face.

The hero was as daring as they thought him,
But his peculiar boyhood missed them all;
The angel of a broken leg had taught him
The right precautions to avoid a fall.

So in presumption they set forth alone
On what, for them, was not compulsory:
And stuck halfway to settle in some cave
With desert lions to domesticity;

Or turned aside to be absurdly brave,
And met the ogre and were turned to stone.

11. The Average

His peasant parents killed themselves with toil
To let their darling leave a stingy soil
For any of those smart professions which
Encourage shallow breathing, and grow rich.

The pressure of their fond ambition made
Their shy and country-loving child afraid
No sensible career was good enough,
Only a hero could deserve such love.

So here he was without maps or supplies,
A hundred miles from any decent town;
The desert glared into his blood-shot eyes;

The silence roared displeasure: looking down,
He saw the shadow of an Average Man
Attempting the Exceptional, and ran.

12. Vocation

Incredulous, he stared at the amused
Official writing down his name among
Those whose request to suffer was refused.

The pen ceased scratching: though he came too late
To join the martyrs, there was still a place
Among the tempters for a caustic tongue

To test the resolution of the young
With tales of the small failings of the great,
And shame the eager with ironic praise.

Though mirrors might be hateful for a while,
Women and books should teach his middle age
The fencing wit of an informal style
To keep the silences at bay and cage
His pacing manias in a worldly smile.

13. The Useful

The over-logical fell for the witch
Whose argument converted him to stone;
Thieves rapidly absorbed the over-rich;
The over-popular went mad alone,
And kisses brutalized the over-male.

As agents their effectiveness soon ceased;
Yet, in proportion as they seemed to fail,
Their instrumental value was increased
To those still able to obey their wish.

By standing stones the blind can feel their way,
Wild dogs compel the cowardly to fight,
Beggars assist the slow to travel light,
And even madmen manage to convey
Unwelcome truths in lonely gibberish.

14. The Way

Fresh addenda are published every day
To the encyclopedia of the Way.

Linguistic notes and scientific explanations,
And texts for schools with modernized spelling and illustrations.

Now everyone knows the hero must choose the old horse,
Abstain from liquor and sexual intercourse

And look out for a stranded fish to be kind to:
Now everyone thinks he could find, had he a mind to,

The way through the waste to the chapel in the rock
For a vision of the Triple Rainbow or the Astral Clock.

Forgetting his information comes mostly from married men
Who liked fishing and a flutter on the horses now and then.

And how reliable can any truth be that is got
By observing oneself and then just inserting a Not?

15. The Lucky

Suppose he'd listened to the erudite committee,
He would have only found where not to look;
Suppose his terrier when he whistled had obeyed,

It would not have unearthed the buried city;
Suppose he had dismissed the careless maid,
The cryptogram would not have fluttered from the book.

"It was not I," he cried as, healthy and astounded,
He stepped across a predecessor's skull;
"A nonsense jingle simply came into my head
And left the intellectual Sphinx dumbfounded;
I won the Queen because my hair was red;
The terrible adventure is a little dull."

Hence Failure's torment: "Was I doomed in any case,
Or would I not have failed had I believed in Grace?"

16. The Hero

He parried every question that they hurled:
"What did the Emperor tell you?" "Not to push!"
"What is the greatest wonder of the world?"
"The bare man Nothing in the Beggar's Bush."

Some muttered, "He is cagey for effect.
A hero owes a duty to his fame.
He looks too like a grocer for respect."
Soon they slipped back into his Christian name.

The only difference that could be seen
From those who'd never risked their lives at all
Was his delight in details and routine.

For he was always glad to mow the grass,
Pour liquids from large bottles into small,
Or look at clouds through bits of colored glass.

17. Adventure

Others had swerved off to the left before,
But only under protest from outside;
Embittered robbers outlawed by the Law,
Lepers in terror of the terrified.

Now no one else accused these of a crime;
They did not look ill: old friends, overcome,
Stared as they rolled away from talk and time
Like marbles out into the blank and dumb.

The crowd clung all the closer to convention,
Sunshine and horses, for the sane know why
The even numbers should ignore the odd:

The Nameless is what no free people mention;
Successful men know better than to try
To see the face of their Absconded God.

18. The Adventurers

Spinning upon their central thirst like tops,
They went the Negative Way toward the Dry;
By empty caves beneath an empty sky
They emptied out their memories like slops

Which made a foul marsh as they dried to death,
Where monsters bred who forced them to forget

The lovelies their consent avoided; yet,
Still praising the Absurd with their last breath,

They seeded out into their miracles:
The images of each grotesque temptation
Became some painter's happiest inspiration;

And barren wives and burning virgins came
To drink the pure cold water of their wells,
And wish for beaux and children in their name.

19. The Waters

Poet, oracle and wit
Like unsuccessful anglers by
The ponds of apperception sit,
Baiting with the wrong request
The vectors of their interest;
At nightfall tell the angler's lie.

With time in tempest everywhere,
To rafts of frail assumption cling
The saintly and the insincere;
Enraged phenomena bear down

In overwhelming waves to drown
Both sufferer and suffering.

The waters long to hear our question put
Which would release their longed-for answer, but.

20. The Garden

Within these gates all opening begins:
White shouts and flickers through its green and red,
Where children play at seven earnest sins
And dogs believe their tall conditions dead.

Here adolescence into number breaks
The perfect circle time can draw on stone,
And flesh forgives division as it makes
Another's moment of consent its own.

All journeys die here; wish and weight are lifted:
Where often round some old maid's desolation
Roses have flung their glory like a cloak,

The gaunt and great, the famed for conversation
Blushed in the stare of evening as they spoke,
And felt their center of volition shifted.

W. H. AUDEN

The Alphabet of Vitamins

VITAMINS have long outgrown the ABC stage both in nomenclature and in complexity. The layman trying to keep abreast of the latest developments in this field and to translate them into breakfast, lunch and dinner may feel like the young vitamin researcher attending her first major science convention. After three days of listening to reports of nutrition investigations, in which chicks and rats are the standard guinea pigs for determining effects of dietary deficiencies, she said:

"It's a wonder to me that anyone ever succeeds in raising a chick, when you hear all that can happen when its diet is not just right."

Chicks and a diet that was "not just right" furnished the first evidence for the existence of one of the newest and most dramatic of vitamins. This is the anti-hemorrhagic vitamin K. In the laboratories of the Biochemical Institute, at Copenhagen, Professor Henrik Dam in 1934 was feeding chicks a special diet, trying to determine whether hens could synthesize cholesterol. The chicks got sick. They suffered from gizzard erosion and hemorrhage. Baby chicks in this condition would bleed to death following the extraction of a few pin feathers.

No one at that time saw any connection between the baby chicks and human babies who, at the rate of one in 150, develop a hemorrhagic condition and bleed to death within the first four days of life. The chicks could be cured by feeding alfalfa, and the anti-hemor-

rhagic factor in alfalfa continued to be considered a diet essential for chicks only. In fact, the first American scientists who worked with it were researchers in poultry husbandry.

Now, however, barely six years after Professor Dam's discovery, a synthetic vitamin K is injected into mothers just before they are taken to the delivery room for the birth of their babies. This pre-birth dose of the synthetic vitamin reaches the baby's body fast enough and in sufficient concentration to protect the infant against hemorrhagic disease and death by bleeding. Some clinics give the vitamin to the mothers and babies during the latter's first days of life.

Vitamin K has proved a life-saver also for patients suffering from obstructive jaundice, in which there is a dangerous tendency to fatal hemorrhage. Patients of this type were the first humans on whom this vitamin was tried. It had not been synthesized, nor even isolated, so it had to be given as ground alfalfa or fish meal, neither of which was easy to give a desperately sick and generally nauseated patient, but it did the job of saving lives.

More than one Vitamin K, or substance having the vitamin's anti-hemorrhagic activity, has been discovered. Research now centers on the mechanism of this activity. It is apparently necessary for the formation in the liver of prothrombin, precursor of thrombin, which is the chemical essential for the formation of the clot in shed blood. Some scientists believe it may

be part of the prothrombin molecule. Vitamin K is not effective in hemophilia, hereditary bleeder's disease, nor do hemophiliacs lack vitamin K.

The normal, healthy person apparently can forget about vitamin K when planning his meals. It is not stored in the body to any extent but seems to be widely distributed in food. Green leafy vegetables and vegetable oils are good sources, and there is some indication that it is synthesized in the body by normal intestinal bacteria. It is even believed that the reason new-born infants are subject to hemorrhagic disease is that they do not get enough food during the first days of life to supply them with the anti-hemorrhagic vitamin, and the intestinal flora in the new-born are not sufficiently developed to synthesize the vitamin.

Sharing the spotlight with vitamin K are the multitudinous B vitamins which scientists now refer to as the vitamin B complex. There are about a score of essential food factors now included in this group.

"There appears to be no limit to the number of factors which may be included in the so-called vitamin B complex," one noted authority on the subject, Professor C. A. Elvehjem of the University of Wisconsin, declared recently. Since then discoveries of two or three more B vitamins have been announced.

Of the twenty or more B vitamins, human nutritional significance has so far been demonstrated for six. These are: thiamin, riboflavin, nicotinic acid, pyridoxine, pantothenic acid and adenylic acid.

Thiamin is the anti-beriberi or anti-neuritis factor. Lack of this vitamin results in peripheral neuritis, polyneuritis (including alcoholic polyneuritis) and beriberi. Especially significant in these days of war and preparations for national defense is the quite recent report showing that, because of its influence on both mental mood and physical condition, the amount of this vitamin in the diet of the entire population may mean the difference between defeat and victory in case of a war.

Nicotinic acid is the anti-pellagra factor. Closely associated with pellagra is a peculiar skin disorder which was formerly considered part of the pellagra picture. There is roughening and reddening and scaling of the skin in pellagra, but this other skin abnormality is somewhat different. It is characterized by an eruption around the nose and ugly sores at the corners of the mouth, sores which do not heal even when the pellagra has been cured by nicotinic acid. The condition is due to lack of a third vitamin-B factor, the chemical, riboflavin.

Riboflavin has gained new significance in the past few months because of the report that its lack also results in the serious and sometimes blinding eye disorder, keratitis. Doses of the chemical cure this condition. The discovery of the role of riboflavin in keratitis was made on patients who had the eye disorder in association with the skin manifestations of ariboflavinosis, but keratitis has long been a baffling eye malady

for which ophthalmologists had been unable to find a remedy. It is the condition responsible for blindness in congenital syphilis, and was always believed in these cases to be due to the action of the spirochete. Riboflavin, however, has been tried in a few cases of keratitis due to congenital syphilis, with such striking results that it appears now that the entire outlook for these cases, as well as for those of non-syphilitic keratitis, will be revolutionized. Vision is reported improved and restored under riboflavin treatment of keratitis, and the capillary opacities disappear.

Human use of need for vitamin B6 has been reported only within the past year. This vitamin was previously known as being necessary to prevent a skin disorder (acrodynia) in rats. Patients who had been treated for pellagra and beriberi and had gone back to work, and also to their old inadequate diets, returned to the hospital complaining of weakness and fatigue. Some of the newly synthesized B6 was given them with dramatic results. Both doctors and patients were astounded that within twenty-four hours all symptoms had disappeared and patients unable to walk more than a few steps before treatment could now return to work and, in one case, walk two miles the following day. This showed plainly the human need for this vitamin, but it also demonstrated how often patients suffer from deficiency of more than one of the B vitamins. These patients had suffered from thiamin and nicotinic-acid deficiencies and apparently also from B6 deficiencies. The discovery of the need for riboflavin, shown in patients also suffering from pellagra or nicotinic-acid deficiency, is another example of the existence of multiple vitamin deficiencies. One authority has said that he has seen as many as seven vitamin deficiencies in the same patient at one time.

An adequate diet is, of course, the best preventive of such states. But physicians need to recognize the symptoms of the individual deficiencies and to have at hand, if possible, vitamin chemicals for remedying each of them, since many of the patients are too sick to eat enough for diet to be an effective cure. Chemists and nutritionists, consequently, continue their investigations with laboratory animals, feeding them diets lacking just one or another fraction of vitamin B, observing the deficiency symptoms that result and, where possible, identifying in chemical terms the factor responsible. In this way there have been discovered such parts of the B complex as pantothenic acid, the spectacle-eye factor, the gray-hair factor, factor U, factor W, anti-egg-white-injury factor, the grass-juice factor, and the like. At present no one can be sure whether any or all of these is essential to human nutrition.

Out of the welter of new discoveries, however, one can hold fast to the fact that members of the vitamin-B complex are found in whole grains, milk, eggs, yeast, fresh vegetables and fresh meats (especially liver), some of these containing more of one factor and some more of another. The person who regularly eats liberal

amounts of these foods will not suffer vitamin-B deficiency, barring disease which makes him unable to absorb the vitamins. Unfortunately, the cheapest food sources of the B vitamins—cereals and breadstuffs—are so highly refined today that they are almost entirely lacking in the vitamins. Many nutrition authorities are concerned with the problem of how to get the vitamin-B complex back into these cheap foods without raising the price beyond the reach of those who depend on them for the largest part of their diet.

Excitement in vitamin circles these days does not center solely on vitamin B and the vitamin-B complex. Vitamin E, the fertility vitamin of wheat germ, is now hailed as a probable cure for hitherto hopeless diseases of muscle weakness and nerve degeneration. This work is so recent that it is too soon for general scientific acceptance. However, striking results from vitamin-E treatment of more than a score of patients suffering from muscular dystrophy, amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, peroneal muscular atrophy and amyotonia congenita have been reported in this country and in England. (American baseball fans have become acquainted with the second of these relatively rare diseases since Lou Gehrig was stricken with it.) One physician who has had remarkable success with the treatment of the nerve degeneration and muscle disorders has even suggested that children may be protected against infantile paralysis and adults against locomotor ataxia by vitamin-E treatment.

Vitamin E has been identified chemically as alpha tocopherol. Animal studies have shown that deficiency of this vitamin leads to sterility and habitual or threatened abortion.

If vitamins A, C and D seem to have been forced into the background by recent spectacular discoveries about other vitamins, these three have by no means lost their importance for human nutrition.

In the lean years of economic depression a good deal was heard about vitamin A because of reports of increased incidence of night blindness in school children, resulting from the inadequate diets. Deficiency of vitamin A leads not only to night blindness but also to change in the structure of the skin and epithelial cells, and to retarded growth in children or young animals. Although severe vitamin-A deficiency lowers resistance to infection, and moderate deficiency may increase the duration or severity of respiratory infections, many other factors are just as important.

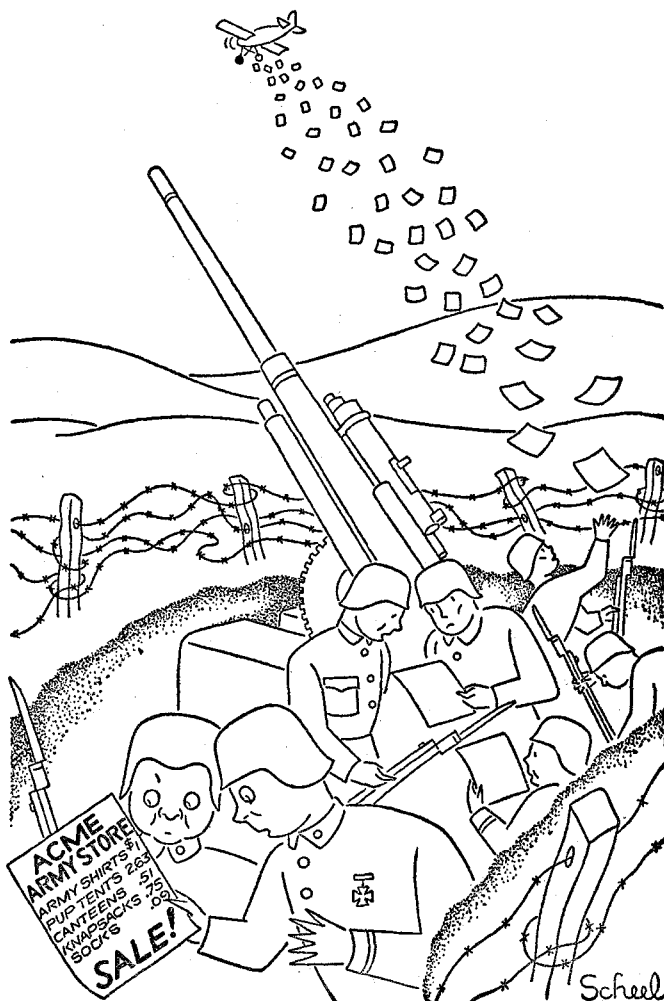
Carotene, yellow-red plant pigment, is the chemical precursor of vitamin A, which can be formed from carotene in the body. Isolation of the crystalline natural vitamin has been reported, and synthesis of the vitamin has been accomplished. Good food sources of the vitamin are not only such yellow-colored foods as carrots, butter and egg yolk, but also green leafy vegetables, liver and fish-liver oils.

The health and growth-promoting value of cod-liver oil, owing in large part to the oil's content of

vitamins A and D, is so well known today as hardly to need mentioning. While some physicians still prescribe cod-liver oil for children, many other preparations of the A and D vitamins are available and widely used. Vitamin D is best known as the rickets preventive. It is formed in the skin by the action of ultraviolet light on ergosterol. This way of getting the vitamin, however, does not suffice to protect children against rickets in temperate and northern climates where there is at best a scanty supply of ultraviolet light from the sun. Although the story of vitamin D is well known to most laymen, it is not always realized that a number of D vitamins have been discovered, with varying degrees of biologic effectiveness. Other sterols besides ergosterol can be converted into vitamin D by ultraviolet light or other physico-chemical means, and ways have been found of augmenting the vitamin-D content of some staple foods either by chemical treatment or by adding the vitamin to the food.

Vitamin C is the anti-scorbutic vitamin of citrus fruits and tomatoes. It is found in other fresh fruits and vegetables, ranging from cabbage to strawberries, and has been identified chemically and synthesized as ascorbic acid. The scurvy that plagued crews of the old sailing vessels, before ship's companies issued citrus rations or other anti-scorbutic foods, is not seen to any extent today. Nutritionists tell, however, of many cases of subclinical scurvy among people living on inadequate diets.

JANE STAFFORD



London Letter

THE MORE ONE SEES of East London, the greater seems the opportunity afforded by air-raid destruction for large-scale and imaginative planning.

I had a glimpse in the East End of a really badly wrecked area, comprising nearly a thousand of the horrid little boxes in which most East Londoners live. This is the biggest single devastated area: elsewhere the destruction is sporadic and patchy. It began to give the same sort of impression as the pictures of shelled towns in Flanders in the last war. The trouble had been caused by one of what the public will persist in calling land-mines, though they are of course really sea-mines dropped by parachute. The effect of one of these mines is almost entirely due to blast, and was so great here simply because the houses were badly built, old, and on marshy ground. A recently built settlement house in the area, being well constructed, had not suffered. Only a couple of deaths were caused, as the area had been evacuated. People had come back to fix up a colored-handkerchief portrait of the King and Queen, and a tiny Union Jack, right on the edge of the huge crater—a common gesture in badly hit areas.

Cats were everywhere among the wreckage. Every morning the local policeman brings a supply of cats' meat (paid for by himself) to feed the homeless beasts.

Through the shattered windows and hingeless doors we looked in to see the furniture as the explosion had left it. Nothing seemed to have been stolen. The impression of life suddenly brought to a stop by a disaster was like that made by Pompeii, though the one has been deserted for nearly nineteen centuries, the other for less than nineteen days.

Talking of Pompeii reminds me of a tale from St. Albans, which was once Verulamium and is full of remains of its Roman time. Someone was talking of these to an evacuee from London; but the evacuee was thoroughly unimpressed. "We've got much better ruins from where I've just come from," she said, "right in our own street."

Motoring out through the northern suburbs on Saturday, I saw a queer effect of blast on the tiled roofs of some sham half-timbered houses across a street from a bomb crater. The tiles had been shaken loose, and were lying in studied disarray. It gave a very "Ye Olde" effect, and I wondered if some day an enterprising building firm might not use it deliberately. After all, anything is possible in suburban building: on the same road, a few miles farther on, there is my favorite sign in front of a cheap building estate, "—'s Cosy Palaces: £595."

The Zoölogical Society has suffered its first animal casualties, in spite of many bombs. In the London Zoo, three humming-birds flew away through a hole made

in the glass roof of their cage by the blast from a land-mine. And in Whipsnade a spur-winged goose, poor thing, was blown sky-high, to fall dead on its back in the middle of the bomb crater, where its corpse was found side by side with that of a wild wood-mouse.

Whipsnade, by the way, is probably the only institution to profit financially from air raids. Several of the larger craters in the paddocks only want lining to be converted into much-needed ponds. Goering has saved the Society the expense of excavation.

A friend of mine had an oil-bomb fall in the middle of her little but much-prized London garden. It did not ignite, but covered the place with evil-smelling black oil. Since then she has spent most of her spare time scraping the oil off the leaves and stems of her plants with a toothbrush and a nailbrush, and carefully removing the contaminated top layer of soil. I hope her exceptional efforts will be rewarded; the experts say that oil is fatal to a garden.

Yesterday I was at a small lunch at which a number of distinguished and enthusiastic people had gathered to discuss the possibilities of getting a long-term imaginative plan drawn up for London. The first speaker had just begun, in spite of a heavy raid right overhead. Suddenly the whining whistle of a bomb was heard, and in an unbelievably short space of time ten of the thirteen people present had disappeared under the table, to emerge, not in the least abashed, and rocking with laughter, a few seconds later. I was caught out in a corner of the room, so had a good view. A queer sense of recapturing my childhood came over me. I realized it was a memory of musical chairs played at parties—only here the starting of the music, not its stopping, set the participants dashing for safety.

Events and ideas move fast these days. Every week there is at least one new crystallization of thought and feeling. This last week it concerns the role of civilians in modern war. We have been repeatedly told that we are all now in the front line, and that our civilian resistance to the effects of bombing is being decisive for the war. Now at last we are realizing some of the implications of this fact. In the first place, not only are we civilians in the front line, but we are more in the front line than the army. The paradoxical situation has developed in which the civil population has on the whole a much closer acquaintance with the enemy, and suffers many more casualties, than the military. What we are beginning to feel is that, this being so, the civil population in badly bombed areas should have as good treatment as the military—in the way of food, shelter, medical treatment, services of all sorts. It is very possible that a quite new type of social-service organization will develop in Britain as a result of this. But to discuss that would need an article to itself.

London

JULIAN HUXLEY

Washington Notes

"We, the People"

IT IS NOT CLEAR just where Mr. Willkie and the ex-Willkie clubs are headed. In *The New Republic* of October 28, I called attention to the extraordinary bitterness of the Willkie group—bitterness unlike anything witnessed in recent campaigns. I predicted that, if defeated, Mr. Willkie and his partisans might not give Mr. Roosevelt the confidence and support losers have normally given the victor. Mr. Willkie's own broadcast on Armistice Day did not overstep the bounds of legitimate opposition; but the attitude of many of his followers, before and since, has suggested that my prophecy was correct.

During the week between the election and Mr. Willkie's speech, the country had seen a movement toward national unity. Campaign buttons and literature had been ceremoniously destroyed in a number of cities; everywhere newspapers had blossomed with editorials and cartoons urging that the election be forgotten. It was against this background that Mr. Willkie spoke. In spite of his words about unity, it seems clear that to some extent he himself, and to a much greater extent certain of his followers, intend to rub salt in election wounds and to keep them from healing.

With the notable exception of Mr. Bryan, defeated presidential candidates for many years have followed an established path. They have taken a genteel business job, usually on the directorate of a large insurance company. They have written their memoirs, invariably serialized by *The Saturday Evening Post*. They have accepted honorary university degrees, and, without open annoyance, permitted themselves to be called elder statesmen. And, after an appropriate lapse of time, they have died and had extravagant funerals. Mr. Willkie now repudiates these folkways.

Under our system, Congress is the only accepted spot where opposition can be offered to the government in power. Mr. Willkie is not a member of Congress, and it is extremely unlikely that the Republican congressional leadership will submit to his commands. Mr. Willkie and his friends apparently realize this, since there have been many reports from the Willkie headquarters about the desirability of "cleansing" the Republican Party's uppermost ranks.

If Mr. Willkie means to carry on his opposition to the Roosevelt administration outside of Congress, how can he do it? After the calamitous defeat of Governor Al Smith in 1928, the now forgotten Democratic chairman, Mr. John J. Raskob, established Messrs. Jouett Shouse and Charles Michelson in Washington as a free-lance hatchet squad. Ultimately they made Mr. Hoover's life unbearable. By broadcasts, press statements and speaking trips, Mr. Willkie may have in mind a similar sniping expedition against Mr. Roosevelt.

If Mr. Willkie means anything more than this—particularly if he means to use his Willkie clubs as pressure groups—he will be embarking on an adventure with obvious dangers to the country. A bold, resourceful, ambitious leader with a widely ramifying organization of young hotheads, and all outside the normal boundaries of politics

—this is a phenomenon that we have never before had to face. And if the country should move out of its present twilight belligerency into open war, the perils of such an extra-political opposition would become extremely acute.

Probably, however, Mr. Willkie should not be taken too tragically. Instead of asking whether Mr. Willkie can hamstring the New Deal, probably we ought to ask whether the Republican Party—and Mr. Willkie with it—can survive three successive defeats, whether or not it is now doomed to extinction. It is true that the Republicans elected fourteen Governors on November 5, and that Mr. Willkie polled 45 percent of the national vote; nevertheless, it seems a great deal more likely that the Democrats will enlarge their gains in 1942 and 1944 than that the Republican comeback will be extended.

The closest parallel with the present is the Jacksonian era. Like Mr. Roosevelt, Jackson captured and held the affection and trust of poor people. As in the case of Mr. Roosevelt, Jackson's followers were altogether indifferent to his minor mistakes in policy and lapses in administration. In 1836, Jackson's hand-picked presidential nominee, Van Buren, had no opposition worthy of the name. For the first and only time in its history, America was a one-party nation. If this parallel has validity, Mr. Willkie's party can expect the fate of John Quincy Adams' a century ago.

There is one aspect of the Jacksonian episode that bears directly on the third-term issue. As you will recall, Van Buren's election was followed by an economic collapse in 1837, and, in 1840, the reactionary business interests of the country, calling themselves Whigs, were able to sweep their candidate, General Harrison, into office by a three-to-one majority. At least in my opinion, there is little doubt that Andrew Jackson himself would have been able to surmount the 1837 slump. But, as events proved, he was utterly unable to transfer to a political heir the love that poor people had for him.

The chief issue of the 1840 campaign centered around the fact that Van Buren drank wine from a silver cooler in the White House—a necessary incident of official banquets—while General Harrison guzzled hard cider in a log cabin. This simple, dishonest device would hardly have worked if Jackson had been the candidate. Jackson meant something in the hearts of poor people; Van Buren obviously didn't. We ought to ask ourselves whether Attorney General Jackson, Mr. Justice Douglas, former Secretary of Commerce Hopkins, as New Deal candidate in the election just past, could have stood up against the barefoot Rush County, Indiana, boy, Mr. Willkie, even though all three men are quite as devoted New Dealers as Mr. Roosevelt. Without Mr. Roosevelt himself as candidate, I think it is clear that the reactionary tide that began after the 1937 depression would have run still higher, and would have meant the New Deal's death.

The series of meetings now being held between highly placed New Dealers, marshaled by Mr. Richard Gilbert of the Department of Commerce, and Wall Street economists and bankers, may prove to be vastly important. For the first time, the top-flight Roosevelt-haters are talking face-to-face with the top-flight New Dealers, and are learning, authoritatively, the New Deal's ultimate objectives.

Washington

T. R. B.

Both Fantasy and Fancy

IN A GENERAL or show-business way, I think Mr. Walt Disney has made his first mistake. Someone told him about the capital letter in Music, or more specifically someone introduced him to Dr. Leopold Stokowski. This is a wrong-foot start for describing "Fantasia," which I intend to review here, but I do wish that people who are simply swell in their own right would stop discovering about art and stuff and going swish. First Chaplin learns about the class struggle; now Disney meets the Performing Pole. And it's worse in Disney's case, because his studio has always turned out the most original sound-track in films.

"Fantasia" as a film for everybody to see and enjoy has as a main weakness an absence of story, of motion, of interest. It takes eight pieces of music, introduces each with a little homey ramble by Deems Taylor, and as we dissolve gratefully from Mr. Taylor we go into what the music may be about or may suggest or in some cases might suggest if you were in a certain state. As a background and continuum for this, there is the noise and motion of an orchestra assembling and tuning up, than which there is nothing more fascinating, nothing more exciting with promise in the world. But over and above this, on some kind of promontory and silhouetted in awful color is Dr. Leopold in a claw-hammer coat, leading with expression that only falls short of balancing a seal on its nose an orchestra which made that part of the sound-track yesterday in shirtsleeves and is at the moment out for a cigarette. I rarely bray aloud in the theatre, as this is rude and also may get you into an argument with men who have muscles in their arms, but when Doctor L. yearned out over the strings to the left of him in a passage for horns (which are in the center when they're there at all) and the bedazzlement of color yearned sympathetically from baby-blue to baby-something-else, I released a short one.

Don't get me wrong. I know well enough that this is what the boobs want, and that, strangely enough, it serves to lead them to music sometimes, and that Stokowski is the greatest conductor-showman who ever came down the podium, that he can make a band play and sell it too, being at the same time great and godawful. It is just too bad that in this picture, made with hope and faith and over two million dollars, dedicated to the principle that music as it was created and as it is released for you is a thing of beauty—it is just a mortal pity that we should have such hollow fakery and that Disney, if not his wise musicians on the staff, should be taken in by it.

And if there is any use knowing what I think of "Fantasia," don't get me wrong there either. Dull as it is toward the end, ridiculous as it is in the bend of knee before Art, and taking one thing with another, it is one of the strange and beautiful things that have happened in the world. I probably have a personal bug about music, for I would rather hear a symphony rehearse than catch the stiff-shirt première, and so this background of shadows with the different sections filing in and fussing with their instruments, this bedlam of tuning, rustling and scraping chairs, is the background of a picture I might have dreamed about. And the screen itself when the music is playing is the only excuse I have ever seen for having eyes and ears

at the same time. Some of the screen material is abstract, as in the Bach; some of it is antic, as in the ballets of plant-life, etc., and the Mickey Mouse sketch; some is dramatic and a little of it is less fantasy than nancy-fancy.

It is all done with that bright gift of the imagination that has become such a part of the American household we fall into the habit of taking it for granted, which we never should do, for the Disney bunch not only pioneers the field in cartoon sight and sound but is busy year in year out with the creation of fable and fabulous things, sometimes repeating but sometimes coming up with something never thought of and not soon forgotten. And you might guess from the lively union of music with image which is the Disney hallmark, that this group of craftsmen would have them a field-day on any such range of pure and program music as is offered here; that for all the "experimental" work that has been done by serious and rather fierce dedications to art, when the Disney men took this sort of thing up as being necessary in their work, they would leave all the others on a siding way down the track.

The music was beautifully recorded (Stokowski and the full Philadelphia Orchestra), but whether the special reproduction equipment is worth the heavy expense and cumbersomeness I do not know at one hearing. They have whole batteries of speakers to make sound come from everywhere and they have them hooked up directionally. This is still mechanical in effect, and not the illusion of an orchestra it might figure out to be on paper. It was a bold move anyway, and may lead the way to better acoustics, but there has been too much hoorah about it already for what it achieves, and it is serving to hold up distribution endlessly.

There have always been objections to program music, which we need not go into here except to say that most of the curse on it owes less to the type of music than to what fools can make of it. The Pastoral Symphony is played sensitively for the mood of the thing; Stravinsky's Rites of Spring is made completely over into a pretty frightening story of the creation of the earth and the coming of life; A Night on Bald Mountain is another mood piece, this time dark and austere; and the Nutcracker Suite was of course a pushover for any Disney fantasy, and lovely. The other things, and there are hundreds, are what you will see as you are in there forgetting about the more didactically elevating side of the show in the general delight and splendor of its passage.

"Escape" is not a picture I can safely recommend, as the best I can say is that some have approved it but if you are me you won't go. Whatever the truth and suspense of the original story—the American-born son of a German mother rescuing her from a concentration camp through luck, an old family retainer, a Nazi who weakens for reasons not well built up, and a love affair—is pretty well lost in a script that both dawdles and hammers the obvious (Arch Oboler and Marguerite Roberts), and direction that lacks timing, incisiveness, natural forward motion and (especially) belief. With Felix Bressart, Conrad Veidt, Albert Basserman, Philip Dorn, etc., and with its grim and exciting subject, it might still have been fine in spite of Robert Taylor and Norma Shearer as ineffective leads. As it is, it takes an hour to get started and makes just another feeble fable from headlines.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

Such fiends are the British, said Berlin last night, according to Columbia's Bill Shirer, that German aviators shot down over London are being tortured by being given blood transfusions from Jews.

The procedure, lamented the Nazis, "recalls the tortures of darkest medieval times." — *From The New York Post.*

The board of supervisors in session Monday raised salaries of some county officers and left others the same. The sheriff's salary was raised in an attempt to lower the cost of operating the office. — *From The Decatur, Michigan, Republican.*

The trouble with the profit system the last dozen years is not that it hasn't worked but that there just haven't been profits. — *Statement by the editors in Business Week.*

Lynch added that P. R. is a "complicated system of voting which leads to a drastic increase in the number of candidates." — *From a news story in The Harvard Crimson.*

Before Galileo dramatized the discoveries of Copernicus, human life possessed dignity. . . . The church was right when it forced him to recant a theory, then unproved, for which the world at large was not ready scientifically and will never be psy-

chologically. — *From an article by George Sylvester Viereck printed in The Catholic Digest.*

HUGE SUSPENSION BRIDGE PLUNGES INTO PUGET SOUND—THOUSANDS CHEER ROOSEVELT. — *Banner headline in The Detroit Free Press.*

They Classify Them Now

In tonight's engagement the Greeks captured 750 Italians and 500 mules. — *CBS news broadcast on November 14.*

Charity, Stay Away from My Door

"May God grant that we shall continue to be the givers and never have to become the receivers," said Louis B. Mayer. — *From a community-chest-drive story in The Los Angeles News.*

Don't Wake Me Up, I'm Dreaming

Willkie Still Asleep

Statement Promised

When He Awakens

— *Post-election-day headline in The Washington Evening Star.*

And-That's-That Department

A brown suit, trimmed in mink with brown accessories, was worn by the bride. For her corsage she wore a corsage. — *From The Marion, Indiana, Chronicle.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. — THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Representative Thill and Fascism

SIR: In The New Republic issue of August 12, 1940, pages 212 to 213, reference is made to me and some of my congressional work. In an article entitled, "Is There a Führer in the House?" certain un-American activities are dealt with. In that article appears the following language: "Also from Wisconsin is Lewis D. Thill, a close friend of Thorkelson, who copies the Montanan's habit of reading propaganda into The Congressional Record. On March 14, 1940, Thill read into The Record an article supplied him by the German Library of Information, Nazi propaganda agency in this country."

By innuendo and implication you cast a false light upon my congressional work, particularly with reference to the insertion of Nazi propaganda in The Record. If you will consult The Congressional Record, you will find that on March 1, 1940, I introduced a resolution to investigate all types of war propaganda in this country. At that time, I called the attention of Congress to the evils resulting from the spread of propaganda material in the newspapers, in the mail, in the movies and over the radio.

Thereafter, on March 4, I called attention to war propaganda in submarine scares. Again on March 12, I directed the attention of Congress to Russian war propaganda. On March 14, I displayed in The Congressional Record a type of German war propaganda. On April 2, I spoke to the Congress and again urged consideration for my resolution to investigate war propaganda. On April 15, I called the attention of the House to a British propaganda film. On April 18, in a speech before the Congress on war propaganda and alien agents, I stated that the minds of American citizens are being warped by propaganda which comes from foreign sources in the shape of literature, radio broadcasts, newspaper articles and platform speeches. At

that time I listed 363 foreign agents registered with the State Department, among those being the German Library of Information, the British Library of Information and Bookniga, Inc., which deals in Communistic propaganda. On May 15, I stated: "Let us prepare for defense to the limit; let us get rid of Communists, Nazis and any so-called Fifth Column, but let us also get rid of war propagandists." I remarked in The Record, on August 28, that the American way of life is not compatible with Nazism, fascism, communism and imperialism; that further we must set our own house in order by ferreting out fifth-column saboteurs who would wreck our country to further their diabolical schemes.

From the general tenor of the aforementioned article appearing in The New Republic you tried to stamp me as anti-Semitic and pro-Fascist. Nothing could be further from the truth. I have in many public utterances condemned those who spread religious and racial hatreds and those who favor the Fascist, Nazi, Communist, Imperialist or any other un-American form of government. You also state that I am "a close friend of Thorkelson." I know Mr. Thorkelson as a fellow member of Congress, and I have spoken to him on the floor of the House as I have spoken to other Republican colleagues. To that extent I am acquainted with him, as is practically every other member of Congress.

Washington, D. C.

LEWIS D. THILL

SIR: Representative Thill defends his insertion of German propaganda into the March 14 Congressional Record by saying that it was part of a series of insertions of samples of the propaganda of various countries. Mr. Thill's preliminary remarks that day do not give that impression. He said:

Mr. Speaker, a news pamphlet entitled Facts in Review has been coming to me through the mail. It is purportedly issued by

the German Library of Information, 17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y. So much pro-British news matter is printed in the United States that it now seems as if the Germans are taking the cue from the British and are sending out pro-German news material.

Those remarks follow one of the most subtle and effective Nazi propaganda techniques. They imply that the British have been flooding the United States with tremendous quantities of propaganda, and that a feeble little German outfit is replying with a dribble of counter-propaganda. That is not exactly the situation. Today, with its staff expanded to wartime needs, the British Library of Information has fewer employees than the German Library had two years ago. And the German organization is sending out thirty times as much material as the British.

Representative Thill says I tried to stamp him as pro-Fascist and anti-Semitic. Actually, I used no labels, but merely presented the facts. And not all the facts, at that. On June 16, a news dispatch from Washington quoted Mr. Thill as saying: "If Hitler wins the war, will it promote friendly relations for him to know that we aided his enemies and sought to ruin him and his country with our equipment?"

Neville Chamberlain preached that gospel during the Spanish war and at Munich. Laval preached it as a death sermon for France. Lindbergh, Henry Ford and others are preaching it now. If Mr. Thill wishes to take his stand beside those men on the appeasement platform, he has every right to do so. And the voters have every right to know about it.

As to Mr. Thill's "close friendship" with Thorkelson: I'm perfectly willing to retract the "close." It was based on confidential statements made by several of Mr. Thill's colleagues in the House, and strengthened by his friendship with Representative Schaefer, Thorkelson's friend and constant defender.

New York City

MIKE LANDON

Which Court Is Supreme in Michigan?

SIR: Readers of The New Republic will no doubt recall the ominous connections between the Ford Motor Company and Mr. Leo R. Schaefer's election as a justice of the peace in Dearborn, Michigan. The situation was revealed in "Mr. Ford's Free Beer" (The New Republic, November 29, 1939). Mr. Schaefer is in the news again—and again with the Ford Motor Company. The background, briefly, is this:

About a year ago the Michigan Supreme Court declared unconstitutional a City of Dearborn ordinance prohibiting the distribution of pamphlets except upon approval of the leaflets and issuance of a license by the Dearborn city clerk. The Dearborn city council, expecting the decision, had meanwhile amended a traffic ordinance declaring the streets near Ford gates "congested areas" and prohibiting leaflet distribution in the vicinity of the gates.

While the city council pontificated that the traffic-law amendments were enacted solely in the interests of the public safety,

it was obvious, to anyone who cared to look beyond the fog of Henry Ford's "beneficent" paternalism, that the measure was aimed at the United Automobile Workers, then—even as now—engaged in attempts to gain recognition by the Ford Company. The union had previously been engaged by the Ford Service Department in the famed Battle of the Overpass, an earlier attempt to distribute union literature to Ford Rouge Plant employees in May, 1937.

Last May 22, Mr. R. J. Thomas, international president of the UAW-CIO, and other union officers, with a view to testing the validity of the traffic-ordinance amendment, again distributed union literature in the streets near the Ford gates. They subjected themselves to arrest and made arrangements to carry the case to the Michigan Supreme Court and, if necessary, to the United States Supreme Court.

But on Thursday, October 31, 1940, Miss Lila M. Neuenfelt, another Dearborn justice of the peace, declared the traffic-law amendment void and exonerated Mr. Thomas. At once, Mr. Thomas and the union announced that organizers would visit the Ford plant next day. And so they did—twenty-five union members. Arrested by the municipal police, some of them were assigned to Judge Neuenfelt for arraignment, but were released. Others, however, were sent to Judge Schaefer's court—and ordered to stand trial! The Associated Press reports, from Detroit, that the City of Dearborn at once petitioned the circuit court "for an immediate injunction against handbill distribution—and [drew] a rebuff from Judge James E. Chenot." Judge Chenot denied the injunction and set a hearing for a later date. He lamented the fact that his court should be called upon to "use the injunctive process to reverse the judgment of a justice of the peace."

Here the case rests at this writing. It is significant to note in addition, however, that another member of the mostly Ford-controlled city government—a deputy corporation counsel—has chimed in with Judge Schaefer. Said he (according to The Detroit Free Press, November 1, 1940): "It has been our theory that a justice's court is not a suitable place for a final decision in a question of such magnitude." Perhaps the learned counsel was unaware of the Michigan Supreme Court's earlier decision. Further developments are expected.

Dearborn, Mich.

DEMOS

Letter from France

[The following letter was received by an American, of French family, whose name cannot be used. Our correspondent informs us that the statements in the second paragraph have been checked with those of other residents of Toulouse. — THE EDITORS]

It was a delight to get your letter of September 4 uncensored, for we learned from it many things we were kept in ignorance of. It is with the utmost pleasure that we heard from you all that America is doing in behalf of England. Rest assured that it will have great repercussions in France. It is not surprising since the government of Vichy is tied hand and foot and must say—or rather the Germans say it for them—only what is favorable to Germany. It is fortunate that our radio works well and that the English broadcasts give us information. They (the Germans) cannot silence it and they cannot prevent us all from listening.

I am indignant at the lies "they" tell America about us. For instance, you mention that your papers published stories concerning manifestations against Jews in southern cities, among them Toulouse and Pau. We never saw or heard of any such things happening in those cities and your father goes downtown every day. Even M., the traffic policeman we know, never noticed anything. These are false and deliberate lies, since everybody keeps very quiet. There are many Jews here, as refugees. People pity them, I assure you.

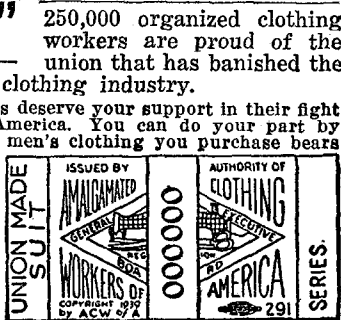
AMALGAMATED CLOTHING WORKERS of AMERICA

"That's my Union"

sweatshop from the men's clothing industry.

The nation's clothing workers deserve your support in their fight to keep the sweatshop out of America. You can do your part by demanding that every article of men's clothing you purchase bears the union label of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America—your guarantee of clothing manufactured under fair labor standards, by skilled union craftsmen.

DEMAND THE AMALGAMATED LABEL ON ALL MEN'S CLOTHING



The population grumbles and curses, but no one dares do it openly or too loudly either, because our city and vicinity are full of Germans. We do not see any in our street, but I have seen them walking downtown with their habitual air of scornful superiority. They do not spare us the humiliation of showing they are the victors. The victors of the moment perhaps, but let them wait until our time comes. . . . Some people mumble curses at them, but that is all we can do.

Our airport is occupied by the Germans. Yesterday I learned that an English plane visited our city. It flew over our airport and dropped some leaflets. Among other things, the Germans were warned that if they do not clear out themselves, the English will come to dislodge them. We expect that some day English planes will come again to bombard our airport. Fortunately, we are rather far from it; the English are good shots, their bombs fall where they aim.

At present everything is being requisitioned. For instance, 5,000 head of cattle, I am told, have just gone, and in the south we are not large cattle-raisers, as you know. The wheat has been requisitioned before it was threshed. Thus Hitler will appease his people by giving them our food. As for us, 360 grams of meat per week, 100 grams of cheese, 100 grams of oil or fat will not go very far for the majority of the people. Potatoes are lacking. It is forbidden to carry beans from a farm to our home. In addition to all this, we have very little coal.

Here we are informed enough to know that Hitler need not be congratulated for his victories. The Germans expected to be in London a month ago!

Little by little, everybody regains confidence in a victory of England, because of their magnificent resistance. What a relief, what a happiness it will be to see those beasts out of France. May we live long enough for that day!

Marxist Appeals to History

SIR: Mr. Rexroth apparently thinks that I, being a Stalinist, have denounced his book of poems because he is an anti-Stalinist [The New Republic, November 11]. This sounds to me like the fixed delusion of an ill mind; I hope the editors of The New Republic know me well enough to know that it is not true. Moreover, I have never been poetry editor of The New Masses, nor had anything to do with that magazine's selection of poetry. It is all so comical and sad and silly; while Mr. Rexroth denounces me for alpenstocking him, I have also been asked, more in sorrow than anger, why I gave him such a build-up. If it is not too late, let me, with whatever good nature I possess, urge the reader who is interested in such matters to buy Mr. Rexroth's book, read it, look up my review [The New Republic, August 12], and judge the case for himself. In the meantime, like a good Marxist, I shall try not to be too impatient in awaiting the verdict of History.

New York City

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Dates and Interesting Questions

SIR: Mr. Paul Rosenfeld's "The Nazis and Stefan George" in your issue of October 28 raises a number of interesting questions, but I ask your space to mention only two. Mr. Rosenfeld says that "A very few months after the *coup d'état*" Goebbels sent George a letter and "a few months later" a telegram, and that to escape these importunities George fled to Italy, then to Switzerland, where "he spent his final years." But, since all this would necessarily have taken place in 1933, George would have had no "final years" to spend: he died in 1933.

Mr. Rosenfeld writes that after George's death "a book by Moeller van der Broeck proclaimed that German culture had two heads, Hitler and George." If Mr. Rosenfeld refers to Moeller van den Bruck, he is hardly taking into account the fact that Moeller predeceased George by eight years.

Bethlehem, Conn.

GEOFFREY STONE

SIR: Permit me to thank the former associate of Mr. Seward P. Collins for calling my attention to those two errors of date. Of course they don't in the least modify the truth of the picture drawn by me. Since the *coup d'état* was accomplished at the beginning of 1933, and George's sixty-fifth birthday occurred in the July of that year and his death during its last months, the events I have recounted had the best part of a year in which to take place. The essential story of George's relations with Goebbels in any case is recorded in French periodicals. Klaus and Erika Mann succinctly set it forth in "Escape to Life." And Wolfskehl—now blind and in New Zealand—personally related it to my cousin, Mr. Henry Furst, who in turn related it to me.

New York City

PAUL ROSENFELD

From The New Republic Mail Bag

George T. Guersey, editor of The American Teacher (Chicago), was amazed to find that our Voters' Handbook did not list the activities of Representative Lee Geyer, "former president of Local 430 of the American Federation of Teachers." Geyer "introduced the anti-poll-tax bill to Congress. . . . His record for the first term is one of distinguished service to the progressive cause." . . . And Eric Hass, editor of The Weekly People, finds our statement, in that same supplement, that "the Socialist Labor Party has never affiliated with any international," to be in error. Mr. Hass points out that the SLP was affiliated with the Second International from its inception until 1915 and adds that its membership is increasing. (We implied the opposite.) . . . Sorry.

"Why is it," asks James Henle, of New York City, "that if a withered crone in a Sixth Avenue tenement examines my palm and then, for four bits, attempts to predict the future, she is put into the hoosegow, while if she were to dispense with the palm-reading she could charge high fees as a 'scientific analyst' and escape scot free?" The Gallup people, says Mr. Henle, make an attempt to find out what is going on and come as close to knowing as does any man who reads the election betting odds; but what of some of the other "experts," including the one who predicted Landon's victory in 1936 and Willkie's this year? Mr. Henle's answer: "Let's either let up on the palmists or throw some of these other fortune-tellers into jail to keep them company."

A few lines will have to serve as the summary of a group of several thousand letters received during the past couple of months. William M. Stanton, of Memphis, Tennessee, puts the general idea in these words: "Thank you for the great and effective fight which The New Republic made for the reelection of President Franklin D. Roosevelt." Mr. Stanton, who is clerk and master of the Shelby County Chancery Court, encloses five dollars for a subscription with his letter. . . . Oh, learned judge, wise in the knowledge of how to flatter a magazine, a magazine which gets something less than a spectacular rush from its contemporaries in the advertising agencies.

Mr. Stanton had another paragraph in his letter which is relevant. "The two newspapers published in Memphis belong to the Scripps-Howard chain. There was only one newspaper in Tennessee, The Nashville Tennessean, which supported the President. The territory between a line drawn roughly between St. Louis, Missouri, and Louisville, Kentucky, on the north, Nashville, Tennessee, on the east, Little Rock, Arkansas, on the west and Jackson, Mississippi, on the south, was without a single daily newspaper advocating the reelection of the President."

The League for Industrial Democracy, New York City, sends us word of its thirty-fifth anniversary dinner to be held at the Hotel Edison on Thursday evening, November 28. Among the speakers will be John Dewey, Jonathan Daniels, Norman Thomas and Harry Laidler.

Books in Review

Lowdown on the Democracies

MR. SCHLAMM begins "This Second War of Independence"¹ with a refreshing pledge to the reader: "The author is fed up with disclosures that Hitler is a Nazi. . . . The author has no intention of adding one more to the numerous books in which intelligent and informed writers have competently reported the factual course of the European collapse. He seeks rather the basic lessons which prostrate European democracy can teach an America determined to survive." At a time when many intellectuals have exchanged the critical faculties with which they once examined the American scene for the war slogans of 1917, ized infantry, etc.—not only had been anticipated for many war and post-1933 years of crucial paralysis in Europe, Mr. Schlamm has been in an exceptional position to distill the hard-boiled lessons he promises. The book, however, turns out to be exceptional only in so far as it sticks to "the factual course of the European collapse," while Mr. Schlamm's "basic lessons" dissolve disappointingly into a mystic call to arms.

It would be difficult to write a more dramatic prologue to the question: What paralyzed the European democracies? than the pages Mr. Schlamm has written on the military course of events. Not only were the English and French intelligence services fully informed and in minute detail of every step in German rearmament—that fact is now a familiar one—but the entire *blitzkrieg* strategy—airplanes as artillery, the break-through with tanks and motorized infantry, etc.—not only had been anticipated for many years by high officers of the French General Staff, but much of it had actually been *invented* by them. On the economic side, Mr. Schlamm develops with telling effect the "economy" motives of both governments, noting that the French government reasoned just before the *blitzkrieg* that they could save a million dollars by not continuing the Maginot Line—and so didn't—at precisely the point where the invaders broke through. Again, as late as last year England needed desperately an expeditionary force to throw into Norway. She would have had one, except that she had just disbanded the 50,000 specially trained troops assembled for Finland. Why? Because the army reported that the cost of boarding a soldier in an English harbor was one shilling higher than in military barracks. "Between the end of March and April 10," Mr. Schlamm summarizes, "Chamberlain's government actually saved \$100,000, but in exchange she lost the war in Norway. . . ."

But what is the *real* explanation for this malaise which ate at the heart of the democracies for twenty years, making them as impotent to solve their economic problems as their military ones? With a blast of military trumpets, Mr. Schlamm gives us the eagerly awaited answer—a testament, he says, which Europe has bequeathed America. The basic cause was "cynicism," Europe's villain, "the intellectual."

¹ This Second War of Independence, by William S. Schlamm. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 260 pages. \$2.

Mr. Schlamm, it turns out, has written his book as a "warning" to "American democracy against a danger which Europe was unable to conquer in time—the decomposing function of intellectuals whom democratic society has entrusted with the defense of essential ramparts." In short, Mr. Archibald MacLeish had already scooped this answer by several months.

On remedies for America's basic problems, Mr. Schlamm is all but silent, save for a few improvised suggestions, of which the most concrete is large-scale investments by American capital in South America. The first words of his summing-up chapter are these: "Nothing is wrong with democracy." He adds: Fascism and Bolshevism have now compelled even the disillusioned of the post-war generation to "acknowledge its fundamental values—provided these radicals have not lost their original noble motives. . . ."

Few question today that democracy needs arms to defend itself, but the very completeness of Mr. Schlamm's documentation suggests that neither arms nor moral fervor of the 1917 variety are enough. And paradoxically, Mr. Dennis' blunt analysis of "democratic capitalism"¹ written in defense of fascism will prove, this reviewer hazards, a more useful textbook for the serious defender of democracy than Mr. Schlamm's evangelistic tract.

Mr. Dennis has at least two qualifications as an analyst of capitalistic democracy: 1. Experience with American capitalist finance plus some first-hand knowledge of capitalist democracy (as *chargé d'affaires* at Nicaragua he once called in the Marines). 2. A high state of literacy in economic literature plus a mind uninhibited by moral enthusiasms. Despite or perhaps because of his ideological commitment to fascism—of which more later—he has made a sharper analysis of the impasse of democratic capitalism than has been produced in many a year. One may anticipate that reviews of his book—which Harpers had in type before the outbreak of the war but finally declined to print—will content themselves with refuting the fascist beneath the critic. That would be unfortunate. It would be far more useful to take on their merits Mr. Dennis' documentations of failure and ask what can be done about them. He summarizes bluntly:

A society like our own "cannot tolerate indefinitely large-scale unemployment such as is now chronic in democratic America under peace. . . . There can be no security for property without security of employment. Democracy has no remedy for the farmer and the unemployed except deficits and doles. It has no alternative to stagnation except suicidal war. These statements can be refuted only by performances, not by explanations of what would happen if only certain things were done which are not done."

To any serious believer in democracy who knows that the way to save it is to find ways to make it work in *both* peace and war, such a statement is worth ten of Mr. Schlamm's appeals to the American will.

On democracy's impotence to solve stagnation and unem-

¹ The Dynamics of War and Revolution, by Lawrence Dennis. New York: The Weekly Foreign Letter. 259 pages. \$3.

ployment, Mr. Dennis writes: "One great trouble with the leaders in the democracies is that because they, themselves, find it so easy and comfortable to survive stagnation, they somehow feel that the underprivileged will be able to do likewise, especially with a little assistance from the privileged. The leaders of the privileged obviously do not like this situation. But they lose no weight over it. And they definitely consider it preferable to any sort of revolutionary change which might disturb their comfort." The answer to this one for democrats who put democracy before capitalism is not to strip the underprivileged still further by reducing them to subservience to a new "élite," but to implement them with economic and political power.

At Versailles, Mr. Dennis notes, the democracies had won a complete victory—military and moral. Whatever they might have chosen to do would have been accepted by Europe. Yet they failed to make out of it either a stable peace or a workable European system. "The essence of these failures," he summarizes, "was an inability to defend the old or create the new." It is not enough to explain the failure—as Mr. Schlamm and this new military school of democrats do—by blaming the intellectuals for "suicidal pacifism." The core of the trouble obviously lies deeper. So far as the present war goes, the key question is: What will the democracies do *this time* with the peace if they have the chance to make it? If the answer to that question is to give the lie to the fears of faint-hearted democrats as well as to the predictions of the Dennises, the democracies must be able to analyze their failures with more and not less objectivity than their enemies.

Dennis offers an acute psychological explanation of why National Socialism has been able to substitute "guns for butter." It has, he says, provided the "dynamism" our capitalist democracy has failed to supply. "The failure of capitalism," writes Dennis, "makes men suffer without giving to their suffering either a decent purpose or a national meaning. If a man suffers in war, he is a hero; if he suffers for his faith, he is a saint; if he suffers under capitalism, he is a sucker. There is dignity as well as fulfillment in being a hero or a saint, but not in being a jobless failure under capitalism. There is a vast difference in suffering *for* something and suffering *from* something." And again: "The worker in the bread line has as much regimentation as the soldier, but the latter has regimentation with dignity. . . . Neither the worker nor the business man enjoys the type of anarchy which results from the breakdown of prosperity and excessive competition. A taste of such anarchy breeds a deep and abiding sense of frustration and futility, not of freedom."

But what is Mr. Dennis' answer? His answer, of course, is fascism, or rather—by Mr. Dennis' definition—the Communo-Nazi-Fascist revolution toward "socialism." Specifically, a new totalitarian America—he insists he is only interested in the American variant—will abolish unemployment, absorb all idle capital, raise the standard of living of the masses, and through a new "folk unity" give dignity and meaning to life. However, the concrete reforms mentioned will be but by-products of the new "dynamism" which national socialism will supply (capitalism once had dynamism but has lost it), and so end "stagnation," which is the root of social and cultural evil. So closely intertwined in Mr. Dennis' text are blunt de-

bunkings of capitalism with abstract Fascist value patterns, such as a belief in superior races (this is only mentioned obliquely and twice), vague abstractions like "heroism" and "folk unity felt in the heart," that his less candid assumptions are not always visible. The most serious undistributed middle in his whole logic is the unproved and unexplained assumption that after the peace, fascism—unlike the democracies—will be able to solve unemployment and all other problems, without the "dynamics of war."

On the whole, when one has finally distilled the ideology from Mr. Dennis' documented challenge to the democracies, one finds a very familiar moral amalgam. The totalitarian revolution is coming anyway, and it is foolish to resist it. Instead of fighting for such abstractions as liberty, democracy or freedom, history has shown that the only healthy thing for a modern society to aim at is "selfish folk aggrandizement." And the only way to achieve it today is the totalitarian way. But lest this be thought too hard-boiled and repugnant, Mr. Dennis goes on to prove, in a chapter called "The Bloody Futility of Frustrating the Strong," that this is the most humane way to act anywhere. Besides, when an "élite greedy for money"—the capitalists—is replaced by an "élite greedy for power"—the Fascists—hypocrisy will be replaced by realism, individual success by the spirit of sacrifice for the folk, ease by discipline, anarchy by order.

Our first American National Socialist philosopher is strongest as a cynical debunker of "democratic capitalism," weakest when he offers us his moral amalgam as a "dynamic substitute" for Americans. There is a marked lapse in literary skill, and no fire whatever, when Dr. Dennis turns at last to the defense of the elements of the new dynamism (which he predicts will sweep America into a new folk unity): heroism, order, discipline, action and sacrifice.

No: the striking core of Mr. Dennis' book lies in a demonstration, in the American language, that a real collectivist revolution is taking place throughout the world as an answer to democracy's failures; that the present war, unlike the last, is a revolutionary war, and one of ideas as well as guns; and that neither words nor guns in defense of the status quo are adequate weapons to meet it. If that thesis is valid—and to this reviewer it seems unanswerable—the true path for the serious democrat, who puts democracy before capitalism, is a fight to win over that revolution for genuine democracy rather than a fight to end it under the crusading slogans of 1917. It is already apparent in our defense program that acceptance of the democratic capitalist status quo is not enough. This will be even more apparent after the war. And I hazard that capture of the collectivist revolution for democratic ends is a cause that with all of its difficulties is a more practical one than defending the British Empire or the Republican Party's concept of "free business enterprise." It would also be a crusade worth dying for. The leadership that accepts the fact of a revolutionary war and attempts to conquer and absorb it for democratic ends, will be likely to win the war. The democratic leadership that does not accept that fact but fights under the slogan, "There is nothing wrong with democracy," will be likely to lose both the war and the revolution.

CHARLES R. WALKER

Heartbreak House

If It Prove Fair Weather, by Isabel Paterson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 306 pages. \$2.50.

FOR PERFECTLY UNFAIR REASONS you expect a critic turning novelist to write the sort of books he has most consistently praised. Isabel Paterson, as I. M. P. in *The Herald Tribune* Books, has a tendency to favor the English arch-fun school, the Delafields, Sharpes, Elizabeths and other literary nymphs in wooden shoes whose grim chase of the sly twinkle earns them such epitaphs as "delightful," "sheer heaven" and "gay foolery." When a reviewer has beat hot mitts over these trifles you would think you could about guess her own plot. That charming heroine, just pushing forty, who is mad, quite mad (not mad like you or me but mad like Billie Burke) and is in a constant tizzy because the bishop or new curate, pope or some man of the cloth is coming to tea. Dear, dear boy, she is apt to say aloud as she whacks away at her nasturtiums, dear old bish, so charming and such a fool, bless his heart.

It is sheer heaven to report that Mrs. Paterson does nothing of the sort. Here is salty, searching writing, truth painfully distilled from honest observation. Any gay foolery is the desperate foolery of tears to come. The heroine could be, but absolutely refuses to be, charming or ducky or priceless, and there is not one perfect old darling in the whole book. The wit, far from being in the delightful-whimsy vein admired by its author in others, is the native realistic kind, and for that many thanks.

Emmy, a mathematics teacher, widowed and thirtyish, loves Wishart, textbook tycoon, and the book is a faithful record of their tiptoeing around Love, and pulling the wings off, a feather at a time. Emmy is an intellectual, Wishart is prudent, both learned to love too late, because they had the misfortune to be clever too young. There is an implication that "they would never have loved at all had they not heard love talked about" (courtesy of La Rochefoucauld). They represent heartbreakingly true portraits of two sensitive, unhappy intellectuals made quite unfit for love by self-analysis, and considering the number of men and women one meets in academic or professional circles like this, it is astonishing that no one before has told their story. As a love story it is first-rate, more comparable to Constant's "Adolphe" than to the work of any modern writer. It has the anguished tension, the desperate reality of a woman in love waiting for a step, a letter, a phone call, and this is the essence of love; not the fulfillment, not the happy ending, but the waiting.

Of course Mrs. Paterson herself here sets a tough task of selling her situation to the reader, since physical fulfillment with mental frustration is generally accepted as healthier than the other way round, but Emmy and Wishart would have frustrated each other in or out of bed. Over a period of fifteen years each of their meetings is occupied with deglamorizing one another; they meet to hurt, to flay, and their perpetual search for disappointment in each other draws them forever together. It is hard to explain why the sex life of the intellectuals always sounds a bit unpleasant, when they probably find it just as enjoyable as the taxi-drivers do theirs. So there are impatient moments here when the preoccupation with the idea instead of the real

thing maddens the reader as much as it maddens Emmy. Nothing could be truer or more logical than the process of corrosion in Emmy, her slow embitterment, her final shrewish attack on the prudent man, who was, after all, loving as much as he was capable of doing.

The technique used by Mrs. Paterson is the technique of the secret, the cautious confiding bit by bit till the whole truth is out, and once the truth is all out it seems to have no truth, especially for the confessor. After every meeting with Wishart, Emmy must tell Christine in order to make it real. Christine is a little too closemouthed to make a really ideal confidante for a woman in love, but then none of the characters except Wishart and Emmy is absolutely exact. They have the blurred quality of everybody seen by a person in love, and have no purpose except as soundingboards for the love affair: William, who is "bored by social gatherings and deeply injured when he wasn't invited," Wishart's unseen wife, unseen by Emmy because "you can't go and be bored by a woman under her own roof," Huntley, the man she should have loved, and the usual married-couple friends that heighten the loneliness of the professional woman.

As the story of a love affair, this is painfully convincing; the more intense because of its physical frustration. It is heartbreak, beautifully told.

DAWN POWELL

Yeats's Last Friendship

Letters on Poetry from W. B. Yeats to Dorothy Wellesley. New York: Oxford University Press. 216 pages. \$2.50.

I SUPPOSE that Dorothy Wellesley is Yeats's Trelawny: she saw a great deal of him from 1935 to the end of his life: she was even present when he died, and followed the body to the grave. But the analogy cannot be pressed too far; and I think we may be simply grateful that Yeats in the last three years had a friend who had not known him before and who could thus see this final phase with unprejudiced eyes. Lady Gerald does more than that: we are likely to underestimate the tact and intelligence of her friendship with Yeats, and to miss some of her value for him, because Yeats himself overestimated her poetry (as it seems to us now). We feel that in view of what has been happening in Anglo-American poetry in the past decade, Yeats might have given his confidence to a somewhat more "contemporary" person, not to a merely charming woman.

But I think this point of view is wrong. Lady Gerald—as Dorothy Wellesley—has edited these letters with a distinct awareness of two very important features of Yeats's last years. The commentary with which she fills out the gaps in the correspondence, and I should think even the selections from her own letters, point constantly to the image of the old poet who not only had a new burst of poetic energy but extended his technical resources and, ill most of the time, wrote some of his greatest poems. (A "charming woman" would have been charmed and flattered by Yeats's attention, but here there is none of the gross effect of flattery: Lady Gerald has a clarity and moderation of judgment that appear in many observations: "Sex, Philosophy and the Occult preoccupy him. He strangely intermingles all three. The old masters, the dead accepted poets about which I much desire his opinion, ap-

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A Letter from Thomas Mann

Dear Mr. Laughlin:

The news that your firm was planning to bring out an English translation of Franz Kafka's novel **AMERIKA** gave me great pleasure and satisfaction. For me the work of this Bohemian Jew, work wrested from a short, agonized life, has always ranked with the most fascinating productions in the realm of artistic prose. In fact, there is nothing with which it can be compared. The complicated and often disquieting humour of this writing akin to the dream, with its religious overtones and its mixture of the grotesque with the most profound moral seriousness, may at first appear rather strange and inaccessible to readers accustomed to more simple entertainment. But in Europe today admiration for Kafka's artistry is already very great, and it has spread through the upper intellectual strata of many lands. The Swiss writer Hermann Hesse has called Kafka "the secret king of German prose." I have heard such a writer as Aldous Huxley speak with the highest admiration of Kafka's books. If my congratulations on the cultural service which you are rendering with this publication can increase the number of those who might wish to familiarize themselves with Kafka's singular art, they are most emphatically tendered to you herewith.

Yours very truly,

Thomas Mann

pear to weary him." Again: "... His lack of observation concerning natural beauty was almost an obsession, and it ... dims most poems of his concerned with Nature." Not criticism but direct and valuable observation.)

And then there is his revival of interest in "popular poetry," through broadsides printed by the Cuala Press, which in some fashion yet to be explored curiously parallels the rise of social consciousness in the younger English poets. Yeats was fully conscious of the difference between himself and these young men: he wanted poems that would be sung, or at least repeated until they had been severed from their authors. "Think like a wise man, but express yourself like the common people," he says again and again—very nearly the contrary of the procedure of the younger men, who have tried to think *with* the "common people" in complicated styles. Yeats, in his way, was perfectly aware of his situation in his time, and this correspondence will make it dangerous for later writers to assume that he had made a "retreat" away from what is sometimes mystically referred to as the "center of the age." The question may in the end come to the decision of history: whether the "people" in mass societies can express themselves, and the poet himself, through their language at all; whether expression will not be violence, through unrepresentative leaders; but about this nobody knows anything. ALLEN TATE

A Book on Harlem

Harlem: Negro Metropolis, by Claude McKay. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 262 pages. \$3.

THE LATE MARCUS GARVEY, picturesque "Provisional President of the Empire of Africa," once remarked bitterly: "The Negro intellectual is the greatest fraud and stumbling block to the progress of the race." Garvey is gone, his once potent Universal Negro Improvement Association is now little more than a debating society; but his bitter indictment of Negro intellectuals has been revived and amplified in "Harlem: Negro Metropolis." And the author, Claude McKay, poet, novelist and prominent member of Harlem's intelligentsia, excels even Garvey in his attacks on the educated leadership of his race. For McKay, like Garvey and a growing number of prominent Negroes, believes that segregation, voluntary or enforced, is essential to the full development of the Negro minority in America. And he sees in the Negro intelligentsia an hysterical and unreasoning opposition to any form of Segregation (cap S).

The Negro masses, the once radical McKay contends, desire such separatism. They realize instinctively, he declares, that group pride, strength and self-respect cannot be developed without it. But their efforts to improve their social, political and economic lot within the confines of their own communities have been repeatedly vitiated, McKay believes, by the intellectuals' constant tilting with the windmill of Segregation. And the Communist Party, aiding and abetting this tilting, has contributed to keeping the Negro masses confused. The Communists, McKay charges, oppose all forms of Negro segregation for reasons of their own. They know that they cannot control any all-Negro organization, so they dangle the bait of Social Equality before the intellectual to make him oppose the legitimate

aims of the masses. "They [the Communists] know that by professing a belief in social equality without actually practising it, they can rip the clothes off an educated Negro and leave him naked but contented."

Garvey probably had reason to hate the Negro intellectuals. More than any other leader of his race, he was elevated and acclaimed by the masses and excoriated by the intelligentsia. But the seeds of Garvey's destruction were contained in his own megalomaniacal character and in the fundamental weaknesses of his Back-to-Africa program. It is true also that the Communists have ruthlessly opposed and desperately sought to capture every all-Negro movement not already dominated by one of their multiple "fronts." But these two facts, and others marshaled by McKay, do not necessarily prove that segregation, voluntary or enforced, would improve the lot of the black masses. And the weaknesses of McKay's theory become apparent in the "popular leaders" he so uncritically exalts—the Sufi Abdul Hamids, the Ira Kemps, the minor Garveys.

Sufi and Kemp were leaders of the 125th Street job boycott movement. Undoubtedly they did a community service in focusing attention on the deplorable Harlem employment situation. But neither attained the stature accorded by McKay, nor was either destroyed (as he insists) by a "well financed" alliance of Negro intellectuals, Communists and legitimate trade-unionists. Sufi's open anti-Semitism (denied by McKay, who asserts that he was only "anti-Jewish") and Kemp's open racketeering (his Harlem Labor Union, Inc., constantly shook down white employers and forced them to join his "union" and pay "dues" along with their underpaid and unprotected Negro employees) made their collapse inevitable. But McKay exalts this duo while assailing Frank Crosswaith and other veteran trade-unionists who have attempted to bring the Negro workers into the recognized labor movement and to fight their battles there. Ironically enough, in view of his relentless attacks on Negro intellectuals, the only successful Negro labor leader he cites is A. Phillip Randolph. And Randolph is not only an intellectual and a Socialist, but was also aided by white Socialists and intellectuals in organizing the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

Sufi and Kemp were more colorful, however, and McKay, the poet and novelist, is intrigued by the spectacular, bizarre and exotic side of Harlem. Father Divine, Faithful Mary, Madame Fu Futtam, Reverend Becton and his Consecrated Dime all come alive in a way which will thrill devotees of this conventional picture of uptown Manhattan. And the author is unexcelled in his vivid description, his arrangement of contrasts, his depiction of lights and shadows. In short, McKay the poet is still superior to McKay the new and questionable social scientist.

The novelist is not alone, however, in his theory that segregation is necessary and desirable as a solution to the Negro problem. W. E. B. DuBois and others have been converted to this view after years of struggle for its antithesis. But McKay himself, in his 1937 autobiography, "A Long Way from Home," lamented the fact that there was "little group spirit among Negroes. The American Negro group is the most advanced in the world ... but it sadly lacks a group soul." The masses know that they must remain Negroes, but perhaps they would like to be Americans, too.

TED POSTON

Crystal and Ruby

The Knight in the Tiger's Skin, by Shot'ha Rust'hveli.
New York: International Publishers. 347 pages. \$4.50.

TARIEL, the sunlike, the cypress-formed, may be inferior, spiritually and intellectually, to his Western brethren, King Arthur's knights, but, otherwise, he puts them rather into the shade. Matched with this mournful, moaning, "mad-minded" rover, great Lancelot of the Lake would seem almost perky, and romantic Sir Tristram a very lukewarm lover. The mysterious Meskhian bard, Shot'ha Rust'hveli, who some time between 1184 and 1207, in remote Georgia, where the vine in the valley looks up at the snow of the heights, composed a 60,000-word poem, certainly had both genius and leisure.

An author's worth is tested by his manner of introducing his characters. Rust'hveli's approach is enchanting. "They [the King and his hunters] saw a strange knight weeping on the bank of a stream"—no, this is not Keats, and the fair ladies here are anything but "sans merci." Fate, court intrigues and two purple-black Negroes who smuggle a moon-pale princess to a land beyond the sea, these are the instruments of a lover's woe. The poem is unrolled like an Oriental rug. Such symbols as "cleft roses" and "opening pearl" are delightfully used for defining the action of speech when lovers or friends converse. More often, however, Tariel and his boon companion, those two "pale lions," those raven-haired knights, shed torrents of ruby tears, scratch their violet cheeks, and swoon at the mere mention of the fair one's name; but between fits they are tough customers, demigods in subtropical forests, slaughtering beasts and men with Homeric ease and gusto (note that splendid passage where Tariel tries to kiss a roaring tigress before killing her). And, as the tale proceeds, and adventures, feasts, deceits and disguises accompany the quest for the moonlike crystal-ruby-faced Nestan-Daredjan, and "crystal and ruby become bluest indigo" and "the aloe-tree opens not its pearl," and dazzling metaphors are heaped and scattered this way and that, with the poet finding voluptuous delight in the paradox of blending variety with repetition, more than one reader will exclaim (falling into the style of the poet): this is like a drunken florist fighting a mad jeweler!

But we succumb in the end to the writer's charm. I have especially enjoyed such details as Rust'hveli's fondness for describing eyelashes (which are such a prominent feature in Persian miniatures), and all the comparisons he finds for them: they "droop like the tail-feathers of the raven" and rise "like a host of dusky Hindus" (which, again, reminds one of that other Oriental poet—was it Hafiz?—who called the dark eye of his mistress, "you cruel Negro"). "The Knight in the Tiger's (or rather Panther's) Skin" can be likened as a whole to that giant gem of whose radiance Rust'hveli says that "before it at night a painter could have painted a picture."

Has the original Georgian, perchance, passed into English via the Russian medium? I wonder. Anyway, Mrs. Marjory Scott Wardrop's translation looks beautifully done, and the tone sounds right everywhere. In regard to the incredibly cheap illustrations by J. M. Toidze, my roses would prefer to glue together. Then there is the preface by

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Comrade Pavle Ingorokva. Containing as it does some valuable information about Georgian poetry, it would have been much more to the point (though much less amusing) had it not advertised with such primitive pomp "the land of the Soviets where mankind's dream of freedom has in truth been realized . . . the land of emancipated labor and free thought." . . . By the way, I have a queer inkling that readers of the Russian version are supposed to understand that the hero of Rust'hveli's poem is really St'halin, the sunlike, the cypress-formed.

V. NABOKOV

Mr. Mackenzie's West Wind

The West Wind of Love, by Compton Mackenzie. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 402 pages. \$2.75.

THIS THIRD VOLUME of "The Four Winds of Love" is only the first half of the "West Wind" section. Because wartime publication of a thousand-page book is inadvisable in England, Compton Mackenzie now plans to bring out his series in five volumes instead of the projected four. The next will be called "West to North," and the last will carry its originally intended title, "The North Wind of Love."

The present volume continues the adventures, in war and writing and chiefly in love, of John Ogilvie, who in the previous books is seen as a schoolboy awakened to love by a middle-aged Polish Jewess and then as a thirtyish playwright in the British Intelligence falling in love with a Greek girl, who meets with a pathetic death. "The West Wind" is set mostly in Italy and Cornwall during the last year or so of the First World War and immediately after. The War itself is kept offstage this time. John's west wind is an American woman: when the difficulties separating them are overcome, the book ends with a honeymoon in the best Mackenzie Georgian manner. Some of the defects that became apparent in the second volume are found in this one also; again we have an author with a writing skill equivalent to that of a minor French novelist, and again we have him failing when he attempts Tolstoyan space. Yet, more strongly than in the case of the preceding two books, the reader wants to go on from this stopping point. This is partly due to the fact that two of the most interesting characters in the series, John's

Communist friend Emil Stern and his IRA friend Fitzgerald, are inadequately treated in the truncated "West Wind"—the hints that a turbulent fate is awaiting each of these characters are cleverly enough distributed to whip up the curiosity of those who have followed the series thus far.

HARRY THORNTON MOORE

Contributors

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HARRY THORNTON MOORE contributes to Poetry, Theatre Arts Monthly, The Saturday Review of Literature and other periodicals.

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